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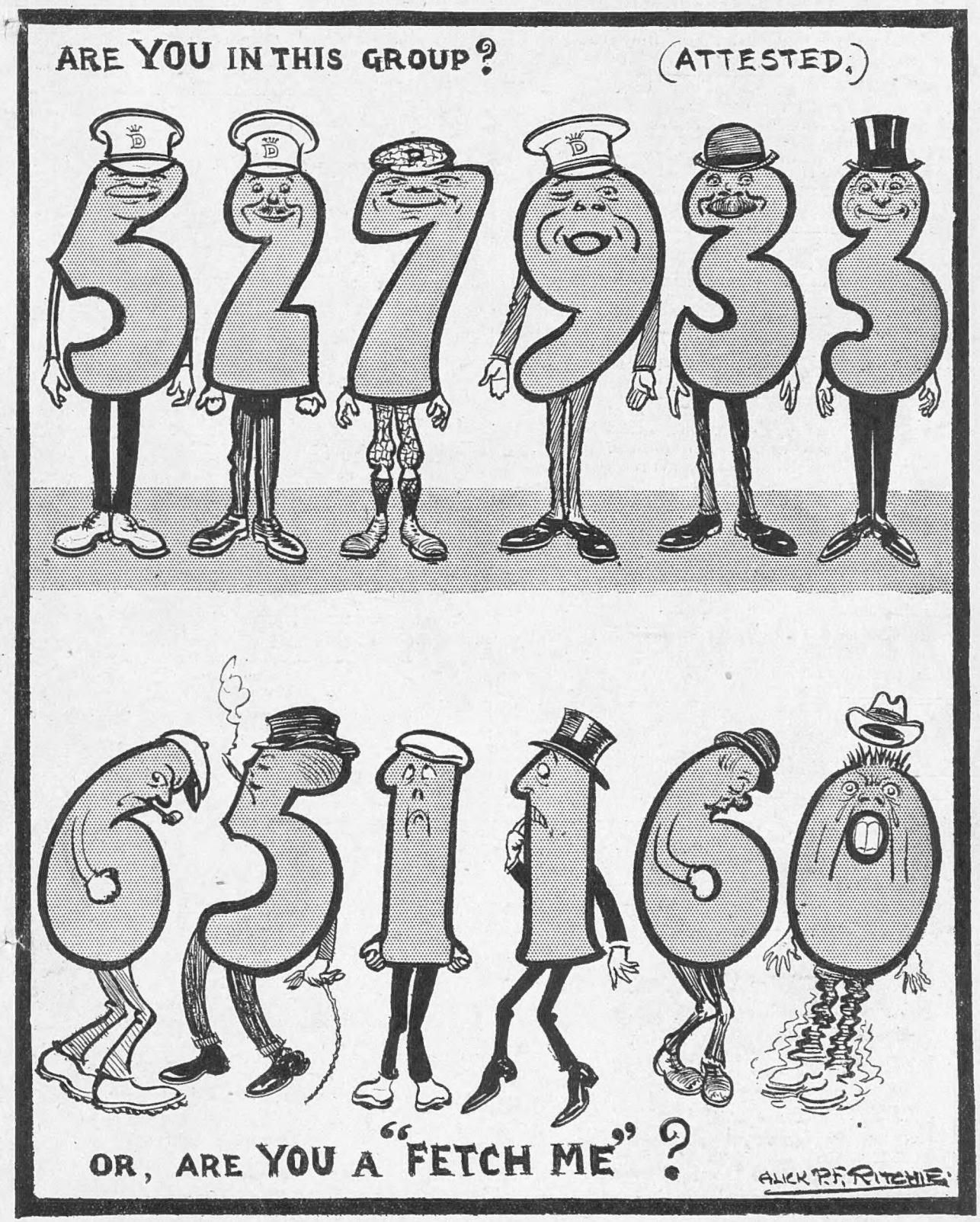
The BYSTANDER



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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

"We Are Told"—

THROUGH all the pages and pages of small type that told me what there was to be said for and against the Conscription Bill, three little words, shining brightly, dazzled my eyes and my senses "WE ARE TOLD." They were uttered, parenthetically, by Mr. Bonar Law. Here is the sentence from which they glow:

"I am sure we have to choose between making a change in our system and giving up absolutely the effort to maintain the Army, which WE ARE TOLD is absolutely necessary if this war is to be brought to a successful conclusion."

***

—And Again "We Are Told"

I happened to be at the House on the previous day, and there to hear a most inspiring speech by Mr. Lloyd George, in reply to the attacks on him by some of his former Radical friends from the Cl—— I mean somewhere in Scotland. In that speech WE WERE TOLD something altogether different as to what was "absolutely necessary" for the winning of the war. Standing in the centre of the House, with his back to the Table, Mr. George told us that:—

"Everything depends on whether we should be able to turn out a sufficient quantity of munitions of war to bring this campaign to an end this year. That does not depend on the soldiers. It depends entirely on the workmen of this country."

MEMBERS OF THE RUSSIAN MISSION IN FRANCE

Photographed at the Russian Embassy, Paris. Left to right: Capt. Vedeniapine, Col. Comte Ignatieff, Capt. Prince P. d'Aremberg, Col. d'Osnobishine, Col. Krivenko, Capt. Yermolaïeff, Capt. Baklound

***

Superfluous Bodies

It would be most valuable if the country could really get a glimmering of the truth that lies between these two versions. At present, the prospect before us is of unlimited military service. Attested under the Derby scheme are, married and single, including enlistments for immediate service, two and a half million souls—or, I should say, bodies. If a quarter of a million unattested single men are to be obtained by Conscription, we have a potential army of two and three-quarter millions. If Mr. George is right, and the war *can be won this year* by the British workman, surely it is sheer fantasy to conjure up the vision of adding this vast number of men to the forces, only a fraction of whom, by exceptional speeding-up, could be trained for service in time to be of any use.

***

Too Late—One Way or the Other

If Mr. George is right, the Derby Volunteer-cum-Conscript Army will arrive on the battlefields after the last battle has been won—in the workshops. If it is not so, and they arrive on the battlefield to find the war is still raging, then the workmen will have failed to win the war. The useful function of the Newest Army, therefore, is to act as a sort of insurance policy against the failure of the British workman to do his work. When this is understood, there ought to be some movement on the part of Somebody or Other to establish exactly where we are.

***

Conscription for Munitions

If it is workmen and not soldiers that the country wants for speedy victory, why is everybody not conscripted for munitions work? How many of the single men who hang back for fear of the trenches would object in the least to service in the workshops, under reasonable conditions and with adequate pay? Very few, I suggest. Why not, then, conscript the Single-Men "shirkers"—I don't like the word, but it's in current use—for munitions work, leaving the single volunteers for purely military service to prepare to go the way of glory, in the comfortable assurance that, by the time they are ready, the war will have been won—by the workmen?

***

Willing Slaves

It has been said in the House that the present munition workers regard the conditions on the Clyde and elsewhere as "slavery." Very well, then, let them give way to those who will be *willing* slaves, offering their own skilled services in the congenial rôle of slave-masters.

***

The Case of the Married Man

There arises also the problem of the Married "Shirker"—to continue the use of a phrase for which I take no responsibility—that is to say, the unattested married man of anything between twenty

(Continued on page 44)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued from page 43*)

and forty. He numbers 1,152,947. What right has he, above all men, to remain deaf to his country's call? A large proportion of his numbers are no more tied, domestically and commercially, than are the single men. On the contrary many of them are less tied, because they do leave behind them, in most cases, able-bodied wives able to subsist on the separation allowance, while the single man's dependents, often old men and women, invalids, etc., are unprovided for by the State.

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Privileged "Shirkers"

Why should the attested married man of from thirty-five to forty, with a dependent family, be called while the young married man in the twenties, with perhaps no family at all, gets off scot-free? This creation of a privileged class of married "shirkers" is quite one of the most ridiculous of all the weaknesses of the Bill.

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Patriotism Penalised

There are other anomalies. It seems that, under compulsion, there will be recognised cases for *exemption*. Mr. Asquith gives a legislative certificate of exemption to single unmarried men with dependents. But there is no such thing as exemption for the *attested* man who has dependents. The utmost that is promised him is that he may apply to the local authority to be put into a later class. It would seem that the conscript is to be so hedged about with protections and reservations and safeguards as to be an "interesting Mr. Littimer." Once again, to be patriotic is penal. The blessing is only on the unwilling.

* *
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Thou Shalt Not—Enlist?

That "conscience clause" is likely to lead to trouble. Why are the Quakers alone to be officially and legally certified to have a monopoly of interest in the sixth Commandment? If the State gives its formal sanction to the doctrine that any man can translate "Thou shalt not kill" into "Thou shalt not enlist in the Army," it will find itself confronted with numerous other denominations, many of whose members may urge that they also find it convenient to agree with that interpretation. For instance, the Salvation Army. What have been the recent recruiting figures of that institution? And what measures are being taken by its High Commands to deal with the rush to their colours which is likely to follow the admission of a religious right to "shirk"?

* *
*

The "Candid" Man

I shall be very sorry indeed if Mr. Gibson Bowles allows himself to be elbowed out of St. George's, Hanover Square. Here is the hack party Press once again prating about the need that the usual party hack should of necessity sit for this "aristocratic" division. Surely if we have learned anything during these last months it is that the country wants live men in the House with expert knowledge and the power of speaking out. What does it matter whether, in peace-time, Mr. Bowles has "ratted"? What the country knows is that Mr. Bowles knows more about the Navy than and as much about Finance as any living civilian. I won't say anything about his views on war policy generally and British militarism in particular, but I will whisper in your ear that the views expressed in the *Candid Review* bear a strong resemblance to those that have been whispered occasionally in THE BYSTANDER. As we cannot get into the House ourselves, nothing would please us more than to see Mr. Bowles there.

* *
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From the Front

A friend from the Front tells me that Mr. Churchill is voted quite good fun out there, but why, oh! why, does he persist in wearing his sword in the trenches? Also, that the Prince of Wales is really popular for his perfect absence of anything remotely resembling swank, particularly noticeable when in the company of personages of rank from home.

(*Continued on page 46*)

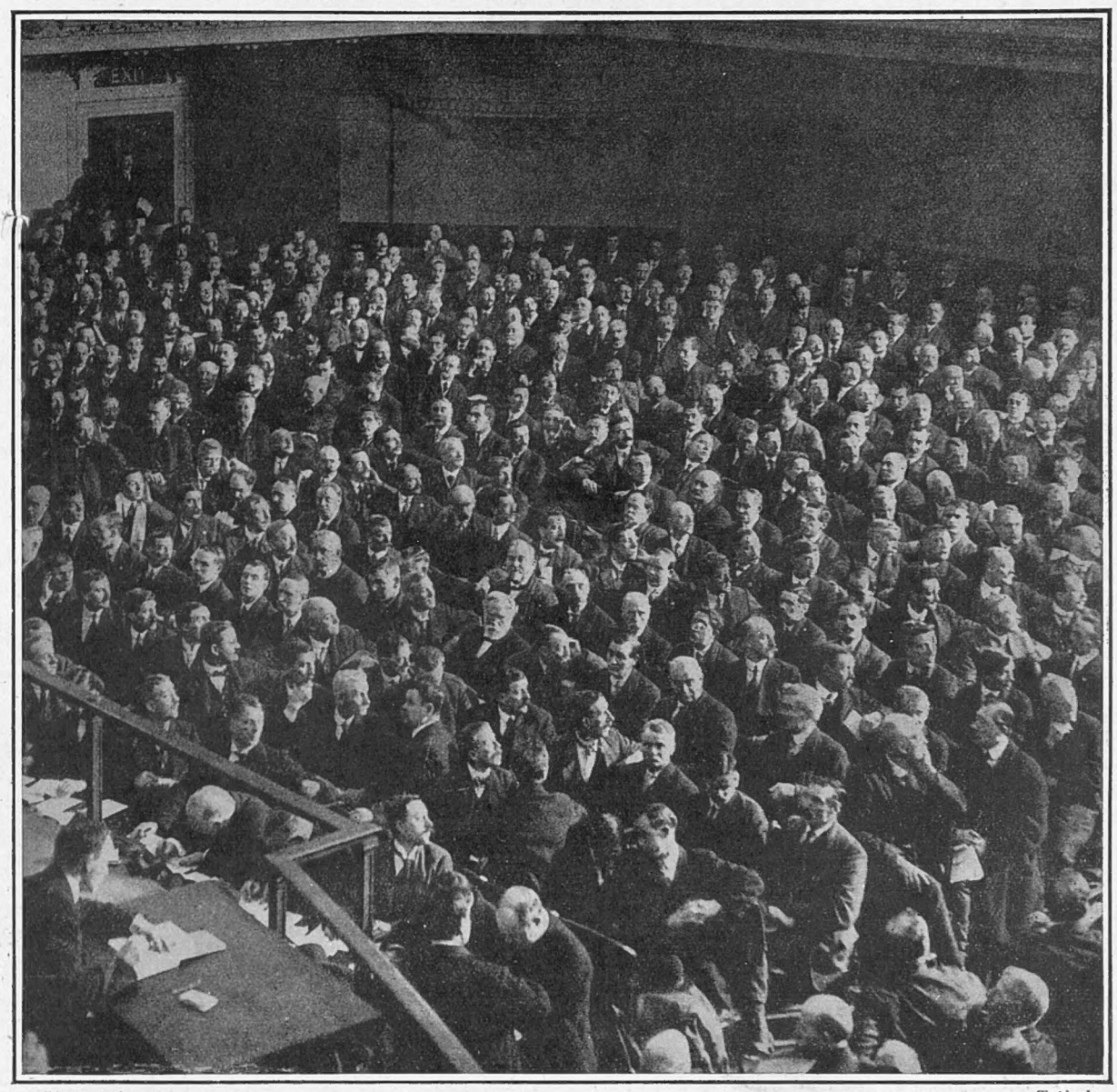
Reproduced by courtesy of "The Car Illustrated"

SUBMARINED—BUT SAFE

Colonel Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, C.S.I., the distinguished soldier-journalist, who was one of the survivors of the sinking of the "Persia." He was proceeding to India to take up an important Staff appointment, and it was at first feared that he had gone down with the ship

Labour Says N-n-n-n-O!

PARTIAL RESISTANCE TO COMPULSION BY THE PROLETARIAT



Photograph *Topical*

THE LABOUR DELEGATES LISTENING TO A SPEECH BY ONE OF THE MEMBERS AT THE GREAT LABOUR CONFERENCE IN THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, ON THURSDAY LAST

Photograph *Topical*

MR. WILLIAM BRACE

Late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs

Photograph *Lafayette*

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON

Late Minister for Education

Photograph *Topical*

MR. G. H. ROBERTS

Late Government Whip

Of two-and-a-half millions of Labour voters whose delegates assembled at Westminster last Thursday, two millions have "downed" Compulsory Service. That looks like an emphatic enough negative. But in the House of Commons only thirteen out of the forty Labour Members voted against the Bill. That suggests that Labour's opposition will be half-hearted, and that it is not to the worker that the "shirker" has to look for salvation. The three Labour Members of the Ministry have, however, had to leave the Coalition, though they appear to intend to retain their seats in the House

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page* 44)

A Contrast

When His Majesty the King had an accident in France, seriously injuring him, the German comic papers enjoyed paroxysms of mirth—and bad taste. Have the German papers noticed that no single British paper has commented at all on the illness of the Kaiser? May one also say that when tales come through alleging it to be of a terrible nature, the chief instinct of a Briton is to wish he didn't think what he does about the chances of recovery.

* * *

The Kaiser's "Ambition"

Would a demise of the Prussian Crown—to put it politely—affect the war situation favourably or otherwise? Let us not jump to foolish conclusions on that point. Since the war, the Kaiser has harped on one string, and that is that Germany is defending herself against a world of enemies. He has never, to my recollection, promised his people wholesale annexations or indemnities. That suggests that the Kaiser, though he has "done" the war to the top of his bent, is at heart anxious to end it. His successor may not have any such views. His own military reputation being under a cloud, he will probably inaugurate a new all-round *strafe* by land, sea, and air. For the Crown Prince, the maker of the war, to have to bring it to an ignominious end would be to court certain deposition at the hands of an enraged public. Whereas William II. can always go on reasserting he didn't want it, and, therefore, that to end it is a supreme duty to God.

Anzac and Suvla

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

WHAT a piece of work is War. Here is a dispatch that fills twenty-three columns of the *Times*, and is a long day's task to read with care, yet it deals only with a fortnight's operations of a dozen divisions on a front of seven miles. For all that, the great majority of those who skim the document, in order to ascertain how a particular unit fared at Helles or Anzac or Suvla Bay, are doomed to disappointment. A dispatch is, in the main, a commander's digest of reports from his corps commanders, who have collected the budgets of their divisional generals, and these in turn have amalgamated the stories of brigadiers who depend on battalion and battery officers for all details. The wonder is, not that a dispatch is so sketchy, but that it is even approximately accurate, and but for Sir Ian Hamilton possessing a gift of exposition quite rare among soldiers, we should still be in the dark about the Dardanelles expedition that started so hopefully and petered out six months later, with nearly 113,000 men *hors de combat* besides a proportion of 97,000 sick.

* * * * *

Regimental histories will some day do justice to the units of all arms that were matched against an enemy unconquerable by reason of his superiority in numbers, his fortifications, and, one must add, his determination to fight for "hearth and home"—factors which should have vetoed our invasion without a certainty of success due to overwhelming strength. The dispatch published last Friday is chiefly of value in exhibiting the general's conception of the task which policy had set him, and it appears to solve the vexed question why he did not aim directly at the isthmus near Bulair. We now learn that the "naval objections were well-nigh insurmountable." A new landing near Bulair—presumably at Yenikli Bay—would have added fifty miles to the nightly trip of fleet sweepers and lighters, with reinforcements, ammunition, and supplies, and would have exposed to submarine attack the transports and covering ships.

* * * * *

The story of the 9th Corps is the *pièce de résistance* of the document. This corps was to consist of three regular divisions and the infantry of two Territorial Divisions—reinforcements which Sir Ian Hamilton had called for in June; but in fact General Stopford found himself in direct control of less than two divisions, and being a very senior officer—he has only eighteen months' less service than Sir Ian Hamilton—he doubtless felt astonished at being given only these five brigades of the New Army. Certainly he did not unbend sufficiently to remove his headquarters from H.M.S. *Jonquil*, where the C.-in.-C. found him on August 8, after the two divisional commanders had reported their inability to move owing to the exhausting efforts of the 11th Division on the night of August 6-7 and the fighting on August 7 without water. Yet Sir Ian had previously viséd the 9th Corps "orders," based on his own secret instructions, and had provided 1,750 water-carts. What went wrong we shall probably never know.

* * * * *

Sir Ian Hamilton now brought up twelve battalions (53rd Division) and three days later another twelve battalions (54th Division) appeared on the scene. On August 15 General Stopford was superseded by General De Lisle (late 1st Dragoons), who only emerged from the colonel's list in August, 1914. Then the 29th Division and the 2nd Mounted Division were landed at Suvla, and the last attack was delivered on August 21, when the right flank of the Suvla force could be covered by General Birdwood's Anzac troops.

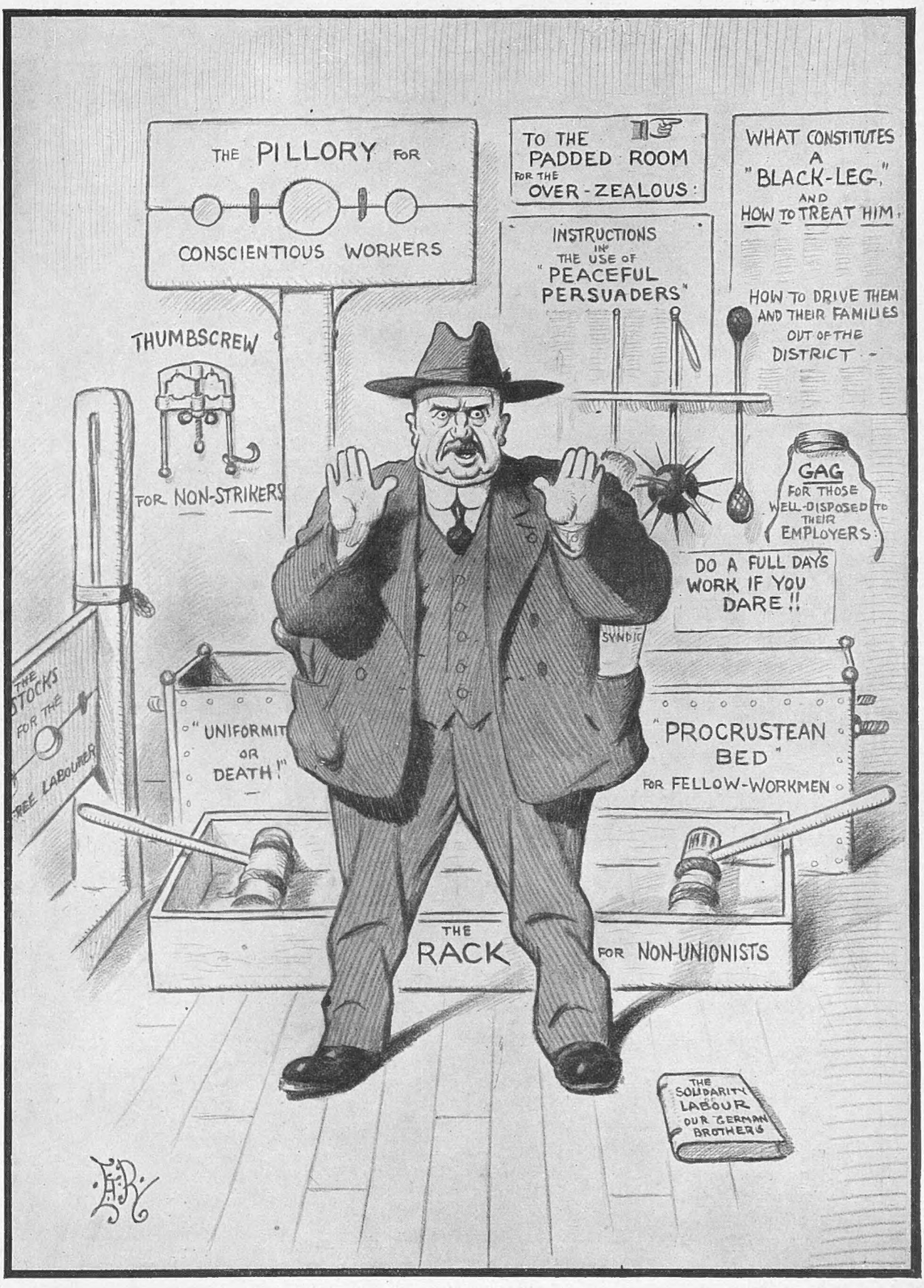
* * * * *

Sir Ian says that this attack was carried out "under very different conditions from those of the 7th and 8th of August." No doubt he refers to the enemy's numbers and moral, but it is fair to remark that General Stopford was master of only five brigades, while now there were at least eighteen brigades in action. Yet all was in vain.

* * * * *

But there will always be a Spion Kop in every campaign, and it is useless to waste time over futile investigations. The General in immediate command of troops stakes his reputation, as his men stake their lives, and is doubtless prepared for supersession if the game is lost. But the troops pay joyfully, the General with a heavy heart. Indeed, Sir Ian Hamilton's optimism received a shock on October 16. He had asked for bread, in the form of reinforcements to the extent of 100,000 men, and was given a stone in the shape of a cable of recall. The Secretary of State for War had talked of evacuation, which the General declared was "unthinkable," but Policy over-ruled Strategy, and Sir Ian returned to London.

Who'd Have Thought It?!



THAT SWEET TRADES UNIONIST: "Anything in the nature of Force or 'Compulsion' is ab'orrent and revoltin' to British Labour"

"IN ENGL

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *January* 10, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

FIVE "appreciative R.F.A. readers" send me this from the trenches:

SCENE: *A very muddy trench (even for Flanders). Private A., unladen, meets Private B. carrying a piece of timber of considerable weight and most unwieldy length.*

PTE. A.: "Merry Christmas, Bill!"

PTE. B.: "Go to H——l."

* * *

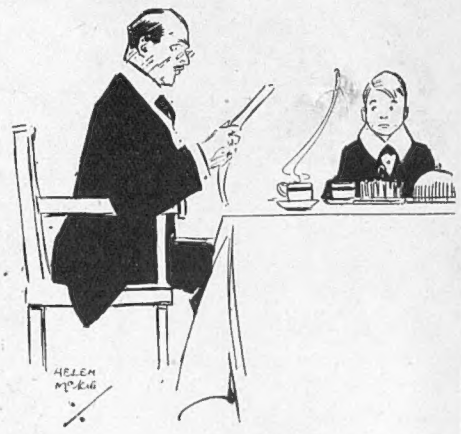
One's felt that way oneself, hasn't one, and with less provocation? Did last week, I'm afraid, when we were all trying hard to think up the saying about how bad starters always make good enders, or something. The New Year rolled in so *very* badly—didn't it?—what with a nasty dose of extra special horrid Hunnish tricks and a first taste of war income tax, and a rather funny feeling about what the Cabinet was really going to do about the question of the moment—Compulsion.

* * *

You see, with a Government of lawyers, the plain man never, of course, quite knows where he is, even when he thinks he does. You never can tell, in fact. And this didn't exactly lessen the general anxiety. For last week's matters-before-the-House—men, money, munitions—were really rather too obviously important and serious for even the most obstinate of optimists to be too tiresomely optimistic about. Things have got down to bedrock at last. It's win the war or—not win it, now, and even old Wait-and-See can't make us wait and see any longer.

"Only wounds are fashionable"

But we're going on quite blithely with our usual occupations, 'specially the amusing ones, except, perhaps, giving and going to parties, and there are even a few of these, for man's a garrulous animal, and woman more so, and it's mostly talk that makes the world go round. And if life's not, perhaps, altogether, just now, even for the most inveterate frivoller, "a spangled path from pub to pub," that's only 'cos of the Government's drink restrictions, and as it is you have fairly to fight for your table, as I've told you, if you want to dine "within hours" at any popular restaurant any night of the week.



"A first taste of

* * *

In the other war capitals it's, of course, quite different. Over in Paris, though they don't go about in inky darkness 'cos of the Zeps like we do here, everyone got really quite excited last week because "the world" emerged from its retirements to attend a big Red Cross matinée of terrific *chic*, where scenes from those somewhat unwarlike exotics, *Prince Igor* and *Scheherazade* and *L'Oiseau de Feu*, were performed. If you do anything at all in Paris you've got to do the smart thing, of course. Over here we're, perhaps, just a little inclined, when it's only for charity and in war-time, to "do" with something that isn't.

* * *

Someone called it the revival of social Paris. Over here revival would hardly be the word, would it? For except for the Courts and Ascot and the other big formal shows nothing's really quite died out, and if we didn't have a grand opera season at Covent Garden that was purely for society, owing to there being no "season," we've got a popular one at the Shaftesbury, more successful than any such thing's ever been in peace-time.

* * *

The price of everything may have gone up, but no one seems to do without anything much, except, perhaps, footmen and taxis and travelling, though I'm told that at one of the big hotels at Brighton on Christmas Day you took your food on the floor or in the bathroom, or anywhere you could get foot or, rather, seat-hold, such a binge there was, and thought yourself lucky to get any. And there are no war-time prices at the theatres and music-halls, where they seem to be giving even more performances than before the war, and where they've done a simply roaring trade this last week or so.

"AND-NOW!"

TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

war Income Tax"

As a man returned to the Front has just written me, "London appeared quite gay enough for me. Leave is really a most awful rush. No war might be in existence, if we were not reminded of it by the indecent haste in which one has to consume enough liquor to attain that roseate state when all the world seems fair and even man no longer vile."

* * *

He wants to know what on earth we do in London after the theatre nowadays. "Supper is really dreadfully dull with lemonade and things, and it seems so furtive to produce a flask and ask for soda. And the Deoch-an'-Doris appears to have quite dropped out of existence." Well, that is just one of the phases of life in London, now, that war has affected.

* * *

Zeps and the dark streets and traffic troubles do send people earlier to bed—which may be one of the reasons why the doctors are complaining that they've got no work to do, the mere civilian doctors, I mean, who look after mere civilians. Smallish ailments like "flu" and nerves and things aren't done much any more—and you don't make a fuss if you do. Only wounds are fashionable, and even babies are more patriotic than popular, and not that when they go and turn out to be girls, but just a fearful blow. Khaki's ousted muslin, and it's more in the movement to nurse the wounded than the baby, though the last's considered thoughtful and far-seeing.

* * *

My back-in-the-trenches man did some shopping in London, too, or tried to, but the crowds and the dreadful understaffing put him off, as they've put me off more than once, too. For in England now there seem to be masses of people with money to burn, and the only difficulty is to give them chances enough to burn it. It's perfectly true that up in the North, amongst the munition workers especially, there's a regular wild orgie of spending. In the way of furniture, for one thing, especially the more expensive kinds, the demand everywhere's a lot bigger than the supply, and the makers simply can't turn it out fast enough.

* * *

Talking of luxuries, even the soldiers don't seem to have escaped the general spending craze, though that's understandable, isn't it, when you haven't had a chance to "blue" a sou for months and months and months? This soldier-man, though he hasn't just got married or anything, seems to have put in quite lots of *his* leave buying, to take back to the trenches with him, a pair of pale blue silk pyjamas, which, as he says, would be awkward if he ever has to run for it attired in nothing else. "What a target I'd present. Or do you think the Boche would spare one's life to gain such a trophy of the great war?"

* * *

He says he thinks the war's made men vain—didn't seem to matter before whether one wore a hair shirt or what. Well, it may have made them vainer, but we mustn't blame the war for things that started before the Flood, must we? I expect, though, some of them will rather hate returning to the dullness of mufti after the glint and glamour of braid and buttons and badges and spurs and lots of nice brown leather, not to speak of all the little red bits that make the Staff so bewilderingly beautiful.

* * *

Gauds do make a difference, don't they? Reminds me of the story of the Sunday School teacher who said to the little girl, "Don't you want to grow up good and be looked up to?" "I'd rather be looked round at," said the little girl.

* * *

It's sometimes borne in upon me, by the way, that we people who live and breathe and have our being in the metropolis of the world and go in for the "movement," and read the latest books and see the newest plays and hear all the last words in what's done or isn't are just a little apt, perhaps, to take it for granted that what London thinks to-day the country will—well, to-morrow, anyway.

* * *

I quite thought, for instance, that what we used to call the Woman Question had long ago been settled—with satisfaction to all concerned—until a nice young female thing wrote to me from the country last week

(*Continued on page 50*)

"He says he thinks the war's made men vain"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 49*)

how in family debates as to "Blanche's" real sex "Father and I agree that you're too clever for a woman, too well up in politics, and too broad-minded."

* * *

Isn't that a whiff of country air, with a dash of Jane Austen, and a touch of the dear dead days beyond recall when the docile female kept her place and really did think man a superior being, and behaved according, and Queen Victoria said her husband ought to whip the naughty lady of her Court who didn't see why she shouldn't have a vote?

* * *

Made even me sit up a bit, such delightfully unsophisticated sentiments, though I hear all sorts from time to time. But, as cat to cat—as Puss in Boots says to Duchess George Graves—and just to see them sizzling, I'd like to hand them on to some of the more aggressively emancipated members of our sex—those passionless products of an out-of-date revolution—who've got long past even the equality stage.

* * *

Women, you know, who not only regard men—yes, even in war-time, when they're dying for us in mud and blood and in their thousands every day—as inferiors and necessary evils, whose present chief function in the scheme of things science will soon discover a substitute for, but also profess scornery of such of their fellow-women as still like to find favour in the eyes of the worm, and even love and adore him. Poor dears, no one loves them, of course, so much must be forgiven, for the light of the world's never shone for them. But *wouldn't* they be sniffy about it?

"More poetry come along—from the North Sea"

* * *

More poetry, by the way, just come along from one of the worms, dear things. This one crawls about on board H.M.S. *M*—— in the North Sea, and he dismisses as "a fellow of small perception" the man who says that *I'm* one, "though, of course, you'll *have* to tell sometime otherwise you *are* a man." To which my only reply is ! ! ! and ? ? ? and, oh, here's the poetry—

"Our only Blanchie, who is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Cheery, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her. . . ."

Poor old Shakespeare!

Plenty of culture in the North Sea, isn't there? They've even got a theatre ship out there, I believe, and give shows on board, all amateur business by themselves, so far, of course, though I guess they wouldn't mind a bit if she turned up one day with a real chorus and things from Daly's or somewhere just to add the professional touch to the thing. More war work for women, what? And what about a Savoy ship, or a Carlton cruiser, next?

* * *

I'm told those sailormen they took up into the front trenches the other day and kept there for thirty-five hours up to the knees in water and slush, simply hated it, but were full of admiration for the men who stick it for forty-eight hours—and then go back again. As one of them said, "The spirit and *esprit de corps* out there simply make you feel proud to belong to such a nation."

* * *

Seems the object of the trip was to show the Navy what a fat time they really were having, and it seems to have more than achieved its object. Still, they'd much rather be hard at it too, and one of them writes that "your Eastern correspondent might like to know that most of his *Iron Ducal* members would change with him like a shot to see a little war, even though it did mean parting with the strawberries in season and regular leave—not that that really comes so very often. Haven't had any since February personally."

* * *

One of my khaki men, by the way, says I might tell my "blue and gold friends" how they always put the blame on them when they hear of the mails being held up because of submarines or what not. "'No post? What *is* the Navy doing? It *is* a bit stiff. *Strafe* the Navy! Sea-power? Pah!' The last in a cynical voice from the senior captain, who is always cynical at breakfast."

* * *

Truthfully, though, they're really simply lost in admiration at the marvellous postal arrangements and the way the huge mails are coped with. But, of course, you do feel a bit m'psy when the one event of the day doesn't come off.

Dorothy Blanche

Queen and Ambassadress

QUEEN AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL

With Madame Iswolsky, the wife of the Russian Ambassador in Paris, photographed outside the Russian Hospital in the French capital

The Compleat Angler

While the attested married men are safely caught in the Army net, the ways of escape for the conscripted single slacker under the Compulsion Bill are many

A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES

THE NEAR HEREAFTER

PROBLEMS OF THE COMING PEACE

I.—When the Boys Come Home

OF the making of articles about the war itself there is more than enough. It is to the question of what will happen after the war that the tired brain turns nowadays for refreshment. We have given up asking each other "How long, etc.," and now engage in speculations as to what will happen when it is over. To do this is not, oh! my super-patriotic friends and readers, to league oneself with the peace-cranks. On the contrary, the more one really speculates on what will happen when it's over the more terrified becomes the social philosopher that the war should finish at all.

Mobilisation Backwards

The first vision of peace to confront the mind in war-time is equal in its awful immensity to the first vision of war itself as it confronted one in peace-time. As the coming of war is symbolised by the movement of vast forces, so is the coming of peace. Instead, however, of the forces moving outwards from home, peace moves them homewards from out. War moves to the Front millions of able-bodied men to *employ* them. Peace will move to civil life millions of able-bodied men—to *unemploy* them. War confronts millions of armed men with the Enemy. Peace will confront millions of disarmed men with the Friend.

Walking Problems

John Bull's sentiments will be the enlargement to the *n*th degree of those of Paterfamilias confronted with the return of the boys from school, save that when John Bull's boys come home from the trenches they come not only for a holiday—it will be some holiday, anyway—but to stay. They come back—bless them, how glad will we all be to welcome them!—curled into the shape of a Question Mark. A million fit and able-bodied *problems* will parade the beflagged, and (in the evenings) the newly lighted, streets.

The Great Obligation

But John Bull, junior, from the trenches, will come back with none of the necessary respect for the "guv'nor" that marks the return for the holidays of the public schoolman. There will be a vigorous reminder, by the young to the old, of an Obligation. Youth will return, to speak, with proudly justifiable persistence, of the services it has rendered for Age. For the sake of the fathers, uncles, etc., etc., the sons and nephews, who had nothing to do with the political muddles that caused the war, risked their lives and endured the tortures and miseries and boredoms of several Hells.

A Rude Awakening

There will be a rude awakening of the comfortable classes, who have never been more comfortable (despite high taxation and petty restrictions) than during the days of profiteering. All the peace-time problems will return, multiplied and enlarged, but ready, if needful, to solve themselves. The return of the Armies will bring with it few of the advertised blessings of Peace. I don't say that the returned ones will bring a sword. But they will bring able bodies and commanding voices. For the first time in our "democracy" there will be real democrats, organised. After a few days of looking around, the returned soldiers will begin to wonder exactly where they come in in the civil life to which they have returned. Will they discover the life they forsook for the risk of death to be as large, as adequate, as comprehensive a life as that which they will, in their new invigoration, consider themselves entitled to live?

Will There Be Beggars?

England rose, so they do say, to the situation of war. Will she equally rise to the situation of peace? She succeeded in provisioning her fighting sons in France, and Gallipoli, and Macedonia, in a way that excited the admiration of the world. That was the result of Haldanian "clear thinking" in times of peace. Are there here at home any brains that are giving thought to the question of the provisioning of these same men "somewhere in England," when their Army pay and free housing and clothing have ceased? To-day a beggar in the streets is a rarity. No able-bodied man has the excuse to ask for alms when he can so easily secure arms; but will the beggar be a novelty in the streets the winter after peace has come?

The Sex Problem Redivivus

But suppose employment is, after all, to be had for the asking, and that employers are true to their word to "keep jobs open." Will the earning of wages—the servile state—occur to the discharged soldier as the main purpose of existence? During their absence, the womenfolk have patriotically risen to the occasion, and shown themselves well able to fill the men's positions. Will the return of the Armies automatically compel the women to relinquish the right to continue to use their hands and brains, always contended for by the Suffragettes? Individual Woman will, naturally enough, be willing to evacuate without question any position she has temporarily occupied. But will Woman collectively abandon the right (always claimed) to compete in the labour market, to use her own aptitudes for her own maintenance, and thus to secure her independence of Man? The fact that Man will have a claim to resume his peace-time occupations will naturally impel Woman to make way before the first onslaught. But time will pass, and Woman will remain. But will she consent to a re-forging, under aggravated circumstances, of what she formerly called, and will call again, the chains of sex?

Will Women Retire?

Being *able* to click tickets, work lifts, run errands (aye, and make munitions) will Woman, however grateful to the men who will have saved England, be content to untrain herself and to return to domestic "drudgery," and the marriage dependency? Here I must leave the matter for this week. But in my next number I shall continue the theme, and if in the meantime any of my readers would like to help me by any suggestions, I shall be thankful.

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"SWINDLING MEN FIRST"

(Conscription for capital is threatened if voluntary loans fail.)

AS the last day for voluntary subscriptions for War Loans approached, the crowd of financiers at the Bank of England recruiting station swelled in size, and recruiting bands marched through Throgmorton Street, Lombard Street, Park Lane, Berkeley Square, etc., returning with squads of eligible millionaires, who were submitted to examination by accountants at the Bank and sworn in (and in some cases sworn at) on a copy of the Stock Exchange Year Book.

Red armlets were issued to all those who offered their securities and undertook to deliver them when the capital was called up, and green armlets to those (chiefly in the mining section) whose certificates were rejected as useless, the King having no further occasion for their services.

The official announcement of "Swindling Men First" created dismay among outside stockbrokers. Only those were exempted who could prove that their capital was indispensable. Slackers were beaten up unmercifully. Frantic efforts were made by millionaires to appear poor, and there was a brisk demand in the locality for ragged overcoats, old boots, and battered tall hats. Financiers discovered in the disguise of blind beggarmen, scavengers, and crossing-sweepers were led out and shot amidst enthusiasm, fireworks being let off in the evening.

Crowds of wealthy profiteers besieged the shipping offices at Liverpool and other ports, *en route* for Central Australia, Siberia, Tierra del Fuego, and other distant parts, but no one was allowed to proceed unless able to produce his blue income-tax form certifying him to have less than two hundred a year. Bankers and company promoters were declared unconditional contraband, and a liner containing an assortment of corn magnates was torpedoed in mid-Channel.

A stockbroker who called at the Bank of England and voluntarily deposited half a million in Consols was promoted to the rank of sergeant and given the V.C. on the spot.

Capital will be called up in the following order:

CLASS A.—Consols and all gilt-edged securities.

CLASS B.—Home Railway securities. Shipping shares.

CLASS C.—Sound Industrials.

CLASS D. (only to be called up as a last resource and in view of general bankruptcy).—Wildcat rubber shares, mining ventures, German-owned companies.

All company balance sheets will have in future to be submitted to the Censor before being passed, so as to avoid shirking, and shares will be assessed at their nominal value.

CHAT ON CHANGE

(By our City Editor, who cannot avoid his technical jargon, even at this national crisis.)

Rumours of a new forced loan were followed by a brisk rally in the refreshment department. Allsopps were quickly absorbed by the market, the Scotch section was in demand, and this resulted in an unsteady and irregular tendency. After closing time several weak bulls tumbled badly, and there were numerous collapses "in the street."

Other markets came to the rescue, and half a dozen members were carried over (to the police station). In consequence a dull and bearish tendency exhibited itself in the evening, and Ærated Waters were much sought after, producing an inflated market.

In the foreign section Russians were immensely popular, while Rumanians rose in sympathy. Shells were badly wanted, but were slow in delivery, owing to the large exports to Turkey.

To meet the demands of War Loan, speculators who had saddled themselves with large blocks of gold watches and diamond rings earlier in the war, now hastened to unload at private accommodation houses in the locality, and day-to-day loans were negotiated at an exorbitant rate of interest, the approach of settling day exerting a disturbing influence. Many members carried over their luncheon and hotel bills for the account, rates stiffening on rumours of fresh taxation of capital.

The shipping market boomed, railways were much sought after—especially those leading into the interior of the country—and Motors were purchased for immediate delivery.

Owing to the attempted escape of the directors of a profiteering Trust from the recruiting sergeants increased business was shown at Old Street Police Court. Coppers were active in the street, and some speculators were caught short at the door of the Stock Exchange. Three months' options—and in some cases without the option—were secured.

Answers to Correspondents

BILLIONAIRE.—Leave Great Eastern Railways alone; in our opinion they are dull and sluggish. If you want to escape try Motor Omnibuses or Taxis.

NERVOUS.—Keep in the cellar for a fortnight.

PROFITEER.—Penal servitude if you are caught.

DESPERATE.—(1) 1 oz. of either laudanum or morphia. (2) The Thames, near London Bridge, is a favourite spot for capitalists in your position. (3) Aeroplanes are unreliable and unsteady just at present; we do not recommend them.

HILL ROWAN

Hun-Nish Behaviour

THE GERMAN ENTRY INTO THE SERBIAN CAPITAL

A STREET IN NISH AFTER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

Note how the mounted German asserts his proprietorship by riding on the footway—the ladies taking for preference to the road

"SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES"

The inevitable Brass Band of the Fatherland heads a Triumphal March through the town

The occasion on which the German soldier is really in his element is the occupation of an evacuated town. It enables him to achieve the maximum of effect with the minimum of personal inconvenience, and to give free rein to the arrogance and swagger with which he is permeated

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY OUR CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

My Dear Bystander—

Until fairly recently the impression that one used to get of the war—the little bit one sees—was that, as far as the artillery was concerned, and excepting always the periodical occasions of attack on either side, it was an enterprise run on well-conducted and systematic lines, just as if a large firm of contractors had taken the job in hand. There were two hates daily and matinées on Sundays and holidays, the early matutinal from 7—9 and the evening frightfulness from 6—8; Sundays and holidays 2—4. After closing hours it was bad form to shoot. A business man in khaki would view the whole concern as on "a strictly cash basis."

* * *

Ah, those were the good old days indeed! The morning hate is over, and the sullen roar of the guns has given way to the gentle cooing of the throstle as he throstles to his mate, throstling from the heart in a paroxysm of joy to behold the mantle of peace descend lightly upon the troubled landscape—be it only for a space—and to note the aged peasant emerging again from his shattered habitation to harrow his (and neighbours') fields as if such a thing as war existed only in a diseased imagination, or his withered, but undaunted, spouse digging for potatoes with the energy of one who is fully aware that with the lengthening of the shadows in the lanes peace makes way for war as inevitably (except in shocking weather) as darkness follows light. This is how it used to be in the sunny days of fading autumn.

Photograph *Cowling*

A FRENCH GENERAL AND HIS ROYAL GUEST

Prince Arthur of Connaught photographed with his host on the occasion of his visit to General Lyautey's château in France

* * *

But with the advent of the season of damp and cold the gunner has begun to display a certain petulance of mood, regrettable little bouts of temper of which in his calmer moments I have no doubt he is heartily ashamed. A sudden twinge of rheumatism, perhaps, or maybe the news (for his information, please) that his leave has been indefinitely refused, makes him feel that he simply *can't* hang out until the evening performance is due to begin. If he doesn't have a whack right away he will burst; and after a short sharp struggle with the Evil One he succumbs to the temptation and relieves his tortured feelings by loosing off half a dozen stinging rounds in rapid succession. This is naturally resented by Position No. 31, and piqued by this unexpected burst of hate, he *strafes* back at him with a will. The piece in the wood near the cart track isn't going to stand quietly by and watch his friend being hammered by the Huns, so *he* gets a move on right away. This is a distinct challenge to Position No. 29, and *he* chips in with enthusiasm. So does the 9.2 near the railway embankment, and so does No. 33, and so does the 6-inch by the pond, and so does No. 37, until there is a crescendo of earth-shaking reports and explosions, and you realise with a thrill that, at last and right before your eyes, the decisive factor of the war is being fought out to a finish. It is really on the same principle as the barking dog in the residential suburb, and a day or two later your morning paper will inform you that there was "some artillery activity in the neighbourhood of ——."

* * *

The more experience one has of the French artilleryman the more does one appreciate the sterling stuff of which he is made. I have in mind a jovial little captain with a nut-brown beard like a sparrow's nest and an eye that twinkles like a star on a frosty winter's eve. He is never downhearted, and is as fearless as a famished musk-ox. He is in command of a "75" battery which has done much to make things uncomfortable for the foe, who, at regular intervals, concentrate upon him every gun in the neighbourhood in a systematic effort to wipe him off the slate for all time.

* * *

Absolute silence on the Captain's part until the last sound of the inferno has died away in the distance, then—as the small boy puts out his tongue at the large red-faced woman who has slapped him—he quickly lets off three rounds rapid just to point out that he is enjoying rude health, is bearing up nicely, and will be glad to hear from his friends again at the earliest opportunity.

"*Quelque Garçon!*" as the pretty French tongue has it.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Humours from the Front—No. 33

WHEN ONE WOULD LIKE TO START AN OFFENSIVE ON ONE'S OWN

RECIPE FOR FEELING LIKE THIS—Bully, biscuits, no coke, and leave just cancelled

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches, of which thirty-three have now been published, appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

Paris in 1916: As Viewed

1.—A C

THE cafés are open till 10.30 and are fairly w
the streets are not nearly so gloomy as

2 and 7.—WOMEN

THE trams are all "conducted" by women
and in the Post Offices, etc.

3.—WOUNDE

EVERYWHERE one sees batches of wou

4 and 5.—SUNDAY

IN the Bois one sees the usual fashionable
the frocks—for so many are in mourning.
boots and high fur collars giving them quite
of course, look very well in the new French

6.—EXPLAINING T

I TRIED hard to explain the "voluntarine
were very curious about this new method
they seemed quite unconvinced, and were still

SOME IMPRESSIONS BY OUR ARTIST, MISS HELEN Mc

l by a Bystander from London

NFÉ SCENE

ell filled. Although many lights are dispensed with, in London. There is no music in any of the cafés.

AT MEN'S WORK

and they are also much employed on the "Métro"

BUT CHEERY

ded—who, like our own, always look cheerful.

ORNING IN THE BOIS

rowd promenading. Black is the prevailing tone of The ladies are wearing very short skirts—high Russian Cossack appearance. The men, nearly all soldiers, ey service uniform—red trousers are very rare now.

HE "DERBY" SYSTEM

s" of the Derby scheme to several Frenchmen who of recruiting. I'm afraid I must have failed, for wondering why we hadn't had Conscription ages ago

IE, OF A NEW YEAR'S VISIT TO THE FRENCH CAPITAL

The Bystander in Paris

PARIS IN A GALE

OF course, if Shakespeare had ever known the gift of prophecy he wouldn't have made that super-statement of his about there being nothing in a name, and about sticking a petrol fume in your button-hole and calling it a rose. I don't know that I've got the quotation quite right, but the gist of it's there. If the bald, bad bard of Avon could have peered down the dimsy vistas of the future and seen elderly gentlemen arguing whether W.S. meant "wery streaky" or not he'd have left his rosy raptures about names unwrapped. And all this is merely a preliminary to complaints of the man Wallace. You will have noticed that this brilliant article of mine is occasionally embellished by some totally inadequate illustrations. The man who does them was christened by his godfathers and grandmothers in his early youth "Richard Wallace."

—•••—

He lives in Paris. I have to make appointments with that man. Of course, he never keeps appointments, and he tries to explain remissness by remarking across a telephone wire that if I *will* address my first note to him "Robert Bruce" and the second one "Warren Hastings," the French post office folk, knowing less about the web of Scottish history than we do, naturally fail to deliver them. Then he says rude things about my stairs, and rings off, and I can never be as rude to him as I should like to be, because he has rather a gift for caricature, and—well, I must admit to *some* features.

—•••—

This week in Paris we have had a storm which has been what the halfpenny newspapers call "unexampled in violence and wide-spreading effect" (to let you into one of the secrets of sub-editorial Fleet Street, the translation into plain English of this cryptic remark is that the telegraph wires have been blown about like Billy O, and that there isn't any news in the office about the storm) as only the title of the leader, "If Lord Northcliffe Were Premier," has come through for the Paris edition. Not that the halfpenny press can admit any such simple fact as that contained in the bracket above. Why even that purple violet, the *Daily Mail*, feels bound to mention that the *Daily Mail* alone is responsible for the enrolment of the single men before the married ones. (And do not miss our original series, "God's Many Mistakes," by Mr. Lovat Fraser.)

—•••—

"Look here," said Warren Hastings, "don't you think you might give the artist a chance, this week. Don't talk so much, put on a mackintosh, and come out and see the wind blow the Parisians about. It'll give people in London one of those recreations from war-work for which they're always shouting, to read about Paris in the storm instead of sidelights on the war." So, being practical folk, Scots wha' hae and I plunged downstairs and out.

—•••—

Now in London, if a large lady with a string bag in one hand (one of those bumpy string bags with half the week's washing and three tinned pineapples in them) and a pumpkin under the other arm barged into you suddenly at your own street door, you would, of course, raise your hat politely (*je ne pense pas*), and proceed on your way with dignity like Sandford and Merton—or was it Maria Edgeworth? We didn't do anything like that. The old lady nearly bit the artist's ear because it was so difficult to stand still while she explained at the top of her voice that she had been blown a hundred yards past her turning, and *would* the two of us push her back against the wind and turn her off safely into the Rue Lépic? It was hard work against the wind to that corner, but although the poor old soul was undoubtedly grateful, she had no time to mention it, because, if Mr. Graham White will pardon me for technicality, an air pocket of the whirlwind description shot her out of our grasp and up the narrow street, where she vanished in a whirl of pumpkin.

—•••—

"This is all very well," said Robert Clive, "but I can't get half the things we're seeing into my notebook because of the wind. Let's do some tubing." We dived underground into the wettest rabbit warren (sorry, Hastings) of a *métro* I've ever seen. Parisians are economic folk as a rule, and it is war-time, but I am sure 50 per cent of the wet crowd down there were investing in three-ha'porth of dug-out to get out of the storm, and going for a trip in the hope that it would be over when we got there. The only really happy folk were the soldiers. The men who have been to the Front don't mind trifles of this sort. And in the tube it was charming to watch the effect of the war on the natures of people.

—•••—

I was quite helpful myself, with a pocket pincushion, to several charming young women. My only regret was that I didn't carry safety pins as well. So many of the stouter ladies had come away at the waist. I don't know the technical expression. There was a fair whirl of wind on the Place du Palais Royal, and as behind two little dressmakers, we were mounting the steps up to the street, a sudden gust. . . . I laid a stern restraining hand on Richard Warren Hastings Wallace Bruce's strong right arm. "No, no," I said. "You cannot possibly draw *that* for The Bystander."

John N. Raphael

Where Nature Has Triumphed—

—Over the Ugliness of War

A picturesque snow scene recently photographed in a forest near Éparges

A Captain's Love

BY RONALD FRANKAU

IN England, Sylvia was a pretty little chorus girl—who talked incessantly of her hair. In France, Sylvia became a darling—bereft of foibles.

Considering her profession, I had known Sylvia a very long time—nearly eighteen months.

When I first obtained my commission and succeeded in getting into an R.E. Signal Company, Sylvia used to sup with me at the Savoy more frequently than with anyone else. I was in uniform, a blue and white band emblazoned my arm, and I was very good at the "Fox-trot." Later, when everyone else had got commissions, Sylvia looked upon me as such a "dear old friend," that she could always cancel appointments at the eleventh hour. Such is the code of the chorus!

Then I came out to France. Occasionally I was the recipient of a few lines, scrawled on an enormous sheet of faintly coloured paper. These were duly answered by half a field message book of pencilled scribblings. One day I even received a bad photograph, which Sylvia thought excellent. She informed me in her epistle how charming she found the Territorial officers (who were now, presumably, standing her her meals), and "Weren't they every bit as good as Kitchener's?"

I showed the photo to my French landlady (I was billeted near Divisional Headquarters). She thought it was of my *fiancée*, and changed my sheets to demonstrate her appreciation.

Not long after this the cinema arrived. We were to have divisional entertainments. As a revenge for not being in the trenches and because I was known to possess the photo of a chorus girl in my billet, it was decreed by the charming A.A.Q.M.G. that I should "run" the cinema.

Charlie Chaplin also arrived from Paris, and hundreds of men resting from the trenches to see him. "Turns" were collected from the battalions. We heard ragtime in strong cockney, duets in flagrant discord. We saw conjurers give their tricks away and instrumentalists break their instruments.

It was decided that "turns" should be obtained from London. Did Captain Wyndham know of any? (Have I forgotten to mention my promotion?) Every facility for importing said "turns" would be granted. And all this because Sylvia had sent me that absurd photograph.

I had a nodding acquaintanceship with Roger Trayton, who usually forgot to nod, by the way. He was stage-manager at the Dallympia, in which emporium Sylvia graced the front row, and sometimes, quite inaudibly, murmured a line.

. . . . . .

I was thoroughly bored by my present mode of existence. As I had written to an impressionable friend, "We linger on the edge of the cliff of Boredom, in constant danger of toppling over into the sea of Apathy." The trenches had no lure for me. I admired and pitied the brave infantry, who are really bearing the brunt of this unnatural war on their over-equipped shoulders. The aviator is wonderful for an hour or two, then he returns from his feats to drink bad coffee in the nearest French town. The artillery dream of their accuracy in comfortable dug-outs two miles behind the front line. Even sailors get into port occasionally and know not the sound of a "sausage." The infantry are either wallowing in trench mud under a more or less continual fire from trench weapons, or two miles back, still under shell-fire, in dirty billets, doing filthy fatigues.

We, at Divisional Headquarters, get comfort and boredom. Our epistles must necessarily be filled with *other* people's adventures. We deserve no sympathy. There *must* be a Headquarters—there must be a Signal Company attached thereto. *This* our only excuse.

What we all felt more than anything else was the lack of feminine society. Unkempt in the morning, greasy in the afternoon, the daughters of our *bourgeois* landladies were unalluring.

"Why not get Sylvia as a member of a concert party?"

The question reiterated. I did not like her very much, nor did she really fascinate me. But that was in England. "Those small white hands—those big brown eyes—that even set of white teeth. . . . Yes, I should like to have Sylvia with me over here. . . . Was it safe for her? Shells seldom or never came our way, but A.S.C. officers were multitudinous. . . ."

So I mused over the damp log fire of our mess. Outside it was raining. It always is. A fat French woman was screaming at her vile brat. The landlady was arguing volubly with our innocent mess cook, whose frequent "No compry" pointed to the fact that as a French scholar he had heaps to learn.

"Why not write to Trayton—ask him to send a small concert party—beg him in a P.S. to include Sylvia. I had done the oily-haired inhabitant of Suburbia a favour or two—he wouldn't refuse.

"Should I? . . ."

. . . . . .

The concert party was coming—Sylvia too. They were to play a week to our house and a week each to some other divisions in our vicinity. The females were actually to be billeted in the same house as the G.O.C., A.A.Q.M.G., etc. No longer could I write facetiously of "Germans I had met and Generals I had avoided." The "Brass-hats" were charming to me. (We have the best staff in Kitchener's Army.) They laughingly promised not to attempt to cut me out. The protestation of my innocent intentions, of a mere platonic friendship, were derided.

The enormous photo in my little billet had become famous. Why the devil had she signed it "With best love from your devoted Sylvia?" Soon, however, I began to like the glamour. After all, she was damn good-looking! I became quite anxious for her arrival.

I fetched them in a car from Boulogne. I could pay but little attention to Sylvia there. The male

(*All rights strictly reserved*) (*Continued on page 65*)

A Very Leading Juvenile

Camera Portrait *Hugh Cecil*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS MARIE LÖHR

Whose success in "The Ware Case" follows her well-remembered triumph as Marie-Odile, the exquisitely beautiful part she created at His Majesty's Theatre recently

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

(Concluded from page 64)

members of the party were yelling at me the reasons of their ineligibility. They seemed to think I could not believe them, but it was not so difficult. A fine tenor and a first-class comedian two of them respectively proved to be, but they looked like gargoyles with bad hearts. The accompanist was an obvious consumptive, and the elocutionist was well over forty and had chilblains.

Of the other two females I will say nothing. I was sure Sylvia must have chosen them to show off her own loveliness to its best advantage.

She was a tremendous success at Headquarters and everywhere else she went. But always she kept them at arm's length, and showed an obvious preference for my society. Of course, I fell in love with her, or, rather, I fell in love with love. I hadn't seen a real girl for four months. How different she was from the Sylvia of London. There she had talked incessantly of herself, here she gabbled of me. What more can a man wish for!

"How silly I was to think I was doing nothing. . . . How difficult my job really was. . . . What intelligence and study it must really need. . . . How sweet of me to mention her specially in my letter, but, then, she always knew how much I cared for her. . . . How sunburnt I had got . . . how much better-looking my moustache made me . . . etc."

I only believed half what she said. That was ample.

And then she met Ralph.

Ralph came from Cornwall, of all places. He was as hard as its rocks, as imperturbable as its cliffs. Slightly bucolic, he possessed, none the less, a quiet charm, which often won, where my own noisy personality lost.

It did this time.

Sylvia began to neglect me and devote her flattering attentions to my best friend.

I simulated pleasure. "Of course, I did not really love her—never had. Sweet kid . . . but typical chorus, etc., etc.," Ralph smiled, I moaned. I tried a new line. "Damn dirty trick . . . cut your best pal out . . . take the girl to Abbeville in the company car. Who brought her out? . . . Do you think I would pinch your girl? You know you don't care a curse for her. . . ."

Ralph grinned his reply!

"She's only a platonic friend of yours, didn't you say? I assure you *I* have made no overtures to her."

I hated him, and wanted her more. Why not propose to her and try my luck? Oh, I was really in love now—desperately. . . .

It was Sunday morning and not raining. To-morrow she was going back. Ralph was parading the few men to church.

Yes, Sylvia would come for a stroll providing it was not a wet one. Would I wait a few minutes? I waited three-quarters of an hour. It was almost like being in England again.

A couple of miles S.W. of Headquarters a little village had become big in the eyes of the Army. Railhead. But railheads and re-filling points had not altered the little wood or stream, whither Sylvia and I now ambled.

How different she was to what I had thought her. She seemed the embodiment of my ideal. Only her outward appearance was the same as that of the Sylvia with whom I had dallied.

I told her all this, and a whole lot more by the little stream in the wood. I purred lots of rubbish at her. I held those little hands, drew her towards me, till I was gazing into those wonderful eyes, and could feel her sweet breath on my lips.

"Will you . . . will you . . . will you?"

I don't remember whether I quite kissed her, for I woke up.

. . . . . .

The damp fire was almost out, and Ralph was swearing at me for not guarding it better.

But I had been impressed.

So after tea I actually did write to Trayton and to Sylvia. My note to the former was crisp and to the point. I dreaded lest it should show my eagerness. My letter to Sylvia was more affectionate than I had written before. I forgot her egoism. The occasion when she had drunk too much at "Oddy's" had wandered into oblivion. "Why shouldn't she talk of her hair?" It was certainly the most beautiful in the world. I knew now that beneath the veneer was the girl. The wonderful girl—my ideal. The Sylvia of my dream. In the 7½ glove rested a 6½ hand, but I had been deceived by appearances. I had waited for a stolen nap to tell me the truth.

"When she came I would propose to her as I had in my dream. Yes, and if possible in the same place. I would not introduce her to Ralph at all."

And Ralph was chewing his ration—bread and jam—during these musings, and knew not the workings of my mind. He *did* eat a big tea.

In five days I got an answer from both of them. Trayton regretted—he "was so busy—new production—using all available talent"—he hoped I would not stop a bullet, and that I would believe him to be mine sincerely—Roger Trayton. I didn't.

And what of Sylvia? Sylvia informed me what a "dear silly boy" I was, and counting on her epithets being correct, I suppose, begged me to lend her five pounds for a month. Again I didn't. Yet some people *do* believe in dreams.

. . . . . .

We have made our cockneys sing cockney songs, and our duettists now sing singly and fairly well.

The audiences seem quite satisfied, and so am I.

RONALD FRANKAU

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Starlight Express" at the Kingsway

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is one of the usual kind of plays with a gentle moral, but the authors, Algernon Blackwood and Violet Pearn, have, unfortunately, taken themselves a little too seriously. If the production is intended for the children, it is far too heavy: if it is designed to interest those of maturer years, its philosophy is really quite too crude for anything. The idea is that people get "wumbled," which, being interpreted, means that they are lacking in a proper sympathy for others. As soon as the endowment of sympathy is vouchsafed to them, however, they become quite lovable people. The cure is effected by a sprinkling of Star-dust, which is gathered in dreamland by good little children who are not, unnaturally, rather unconscionable little prigs in consequence. So far, the idea would be all right if it had been worked out in an interesting or diverting manner. Instead, we are treated to wordy dissertations on the materialisation of thoughts, which remind us of the Theosophists at their best. Mme. Blavatsky, we know, could think up a letter to a friend and have it delivered in a materialised form without having pen put to paper; and her dear old friend, Colonel Olcott, was convinced that he had once moved a piano across a room by the simple process of "willing" it to start on the trot.

The old Buddhist idea that all the thoughts of individuals are mingled in the ether as "the dewdrop slips into the shining sea," for collective good or ill, is one of those half-truths that are more suited as subjects for heated controversy than for an amusing Christmas entertainment. The idea, too, that we should be happier if we could only get out of ourselves and live for others is not at all new, one of the earliest canonical injunctions to love our neighbours as ourselves being dated as far back as B.C. 1490! One is almost left to infer from the tiresomely wordy introduction to this fantasy that its authors honestly believe themselves to be the inventors and patentees of the Golden Rule. The plain truth is that they have got an idea that is older than human history, and it was their business to present it, if possible, in a new and acceptable light. Instead, the watchword of the precocious children who go searching for Star-dust is "Think, wish, and believe; that's the way to receive!" Which is simply a rather inept paraphrase of the *motif* of the leading religious systems of the world.

The Good Fairy (very modern version) who brings light to the "wumbled"

So we have "Daddy" and "Mother" and a host of other people, all more or less at loggerheads, till "Cousin Henry," a sort of random philanthropist, comes along and shows the children how to sprinkle Star-dust on the entire community. One old lady, who suffered from a chronic loss of memory, got such a dose of Star-dust that she was wiped right out, though I couldn't see that she had done anybody any harm. But everybody seemed to think she was happier dead than alive, and for all I know to the contrary they may have been right. One of the scenes takes place in a boarding-house bedroom—where, indeed, the death above-mentioned occurs. Another bed is occupied by a rather attractive French lady, but the Star-dust scatterers do not appear to be restrained by any cheap notions of false delicacy in the performance of their duty. "Cousin Henry," two or three other men, and the children troop into the bedroom in question and discuss the sleeping beauty as if that sort of thing was quite usual and needed no sort of apology at all.

It is not easy to discover exactly what the authors of this fantasy are driving at. Now and again the characters with their distinctly light-headed behaviour remind one of some of the maddest of Ibsen's creations, except that in this case there seems no method in their madness. The only really human note that occurs is struck by Mr. Charles Mott, who, as a prelude to each act, sings divinely to a crowd of delightful little children who might have come straight from the pages of Hans Andersen, or (if one may breathe the alien enemy name) the Brothers Grimm. A friend of mine, who understands that kind of thing, tells me that Sir Edward Elgar's music is the most distinguished feature of the entertainment. It certainly seemed to me to be very heartily appreciated.

JINGLE

Starlights and Footlights

Are you "wumbled"? If so, get a near relative to go into Dreamland and collect some star-dust to scatter over you. You will be either cured or killed—the star-dust seems quite impartial about it. For further particulars, apply Kingsway Theatre

The Bystander in Copenhagen

TIRPITZ'S THUNDERS

COPENHAGEN fosters a human, Christian, tolerant attitude towards the War. Passions are tempered by the national war-motto, "Business Even Better Than Usual." The Teutonophobe Dane hails you with the gleeful news that Prussia is starving to death, and that he sells her his butter at four marks a pound. Tempers are calm. The only worried man is Minister of the Interior Rode, who says that if Denmark does not cease Stock Exchange gambling "Business-Even-Better-Than-Usual" Denmark will go smash. Even Tirpitz's ships cause no emotion, though fifty of them are almost in sight.

I suppose I am the only civilian Briton outside scarred Scarborough who has seen Tirpitz's fleet. That is, bits of it. I went from here, *viâ* Christiansand, to Dragor, which is at the end of Amager Island, and saw the biggest German squadron that braves the saltless Baltic. At Dragor the Sound narrows. Midway is a shoal, with a narrow deep channel on Sweden's side, and a broad deep channel on Denmark's. The narrow channel is Swedish territorial water and half the broad channel is Danish territorial water. In autumn, when our submarines got lively, Tirpitz mined all of the broad channel that lies outside the three-mile limit. The mine-field is an oblong patch, three sea-miles long by two broad. The work of Tirpitz's fleet is to fight submarines which get through the unmined channels.

On bright days you can see Tirpitz's fleet even from the Malmö-Copenhagen ferry. From Dragor I got a lovely view. That is, of at least eighty masts and funnels sticking from destroyers, torpedo-boats, and trawlers. In Dragor inn I met a courteous doctor named Ove Koelle, who told me that no one troubled about Tirpitz's fleet. If the real fleet came out. . . . In the last week was one exciting incident. A Falsterbo buoy with a flagstaff stuck in it got adrift. Tirpitz's trawlers took the staff for a periscope, and blazed away. At last they hit one another.

Tirpitz's fleet fails to keep British submarines out of the Baltic; but it shows laudable zeal. Every day new ships arrive from Sassnitz in Ruegen, which has been turned into a third-class war port; and old ships go back. The ships lie in two divisions south of the channels, outside territorial waters. In day-time they hoot, hammer, and buzz; and at night they glare. At night neutral ships, fishing-boats, and pleasure boats are sternly held off. The skipper of the Malmö yacht *Fjärril* sailed in the daytime right into Tirpitz's fleet. The Germans stopped him, despite his protest that the seas were free. "Kriegs-zon," they said. The skipper told me the Germans are "highly civil." They pay generously for water. Teutonophobe Danes pray that the Germans may be soundly licked, but that the licking may take years, so that before peace comes Denmark may sell Germany all her water.

At dusk I saw the Germans light up. That is, about six ships lighted up; and, later, about eight searchlights glared. The lighted ships moved off; and then others lighted. M. Koelle, who has watched the ships for a week, says that Tirpitz's fleet is not afraid to light up, as it has no enemy to fear. The real fighting ships bear no lights. They lurk behind trawler hulks. If submarines come along, the periscopes will be visible on the glaring surface; and then the unlighted boats will blaze away.

M. Koelle said he wished Tirpitz's ships would blaze into Dragor and hurt Danes. It would encourage Count Piper's National Defence campaign. The Count is a Tory Riksdag man, who leads the attack on Premier Zahle for alleged slackness in defence measures. Backed by the provincial Press, the Count demands that Denmark shall arm. This agitation is carried on under difficulties. Zahle, alone among neutral Premiers, managed to get through a law punishing newspapers which express flamboyant sympathy with either side. "Expressions which imperil our neutrality policy." Count Piper produced two Riksdag resolutions demanding a National Defence Commission and the calling-up of the last years' conscripts. Zahle and the Radicals, backed by the Socialist Party, voted Piper down.

Copenhagen sheds practical tears over "Soenderjylland." Soenderjylland is the north corner of Prussian Schleswig peopled by Danes. Twenty-five thousand Soenderjyllanders are fighting in Prussia's army; and 11,000 have been killed, wounded, or captured. The critic Harald Nielsen has published their "Letters from the Trenches." Danes are practical men. Three Soenderjylland-Prussian soldiers deserted to Denmark. They reached Kolding, on the safe side of the frontier. The practical Danes were so busy shedding tears of blood-brotherhood that they forgot to feed the fugitives; and the hungry fugitives returned to Prussia. I asked M. Koelle whether it would not have been better to give the fugitives the butter and water which had been sold to Tirpitz. M. Koelle said: "Yes, but we are an extraordinarily practical people."

"You are," said the Bystander in Copenhagen. "Why not try to sell your tears to Tirpitz?"

On the Pedestal of Our Hearts

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

A new photograph of Miss Lorna Della, who is helping greatly to keep the home fires of fun and frolic burning in the sprightly Revue, "Oh! La La," at the Queen's Theatre

Books of the Week

THE TRENCHES FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW

Mr. Whiteing's Memoirs

A SINGULARLY modest autobiography is given us by Mr. Richard Whiteing in *My Harvest* (Hodder and Stoughton: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Whiteing achieved fame with the publication of *No.* 5, *John Street,* but a host of friends and the whole of Fleet Street had known all about him long before that admirable work was published. He was meant by his father to be an engraver, but elected to write about a costermonger's adventures in Society, and henceforth attached himself to the Press. Various adventures followed, both in this country and abroad. The *Manchester Guardian* and other papers sent him to Paris when the Empire was tottering. He was in Russia shortly after Alexander II. had been killed. He was in Spain when her Monarchy was undergoing repairs, so to speak, and he was in Germany when the general Prussification of affairs was just beginning. The book is meant by Mr. Whiteing to be an autobiography, but he has his own methods of being interesting, and his memoirs are agreeably untrue to type. Some people may think that there is too little Whiteing in his pages, but no one will wish to skip any of them—not even the most jaded reviewer. That, however, was only to be expected.

MR. FREDERICK PALMER

The well-known American war correspondent, whose book, "My Year of the War" (Murray: 6*s.*), is reviewed on this page

An American View of the War—

A little time ago the *Times* published several articles describing a visit to the British Fleet. They were written by a well-known American correspondent, Mr. Frederick Palmer, and now reappear as the later chapters of his book, *My Year of the War* (Murray: 6*s.*). The correspondent's lot has not been a happy one, but in view of his neutrality Mr. Palmer was able to see rather more of the game than most of his colleagues. As an old campaigner, moreover, he knew what to look for, as a result of which his book may be truthfully described as one of the most interesting of those which have appeared. I have mentioned his neutrality, but its nature might well be called into question by the Huns. The Huns, however, are notoriously one-sided. Besides, Mr. Palmer's sympathies are on the right side. He comes as a counter-blast to Sven Hedin, with none of that gentleman's absurdities to mar his work. To those at home it is always rather difficult to imagine what life in the trenches is like, but Mr. Palmer succeeds to a great extent in lifting the veil.

—And a British View

So, too, in another and, perhaps, more intimate way does "Platoon Commander," the anonymous writer of *With My Regiment* (Heinemann: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), a particularly lucid and entertaining account of all those adventures, small or great, which must necessarily come to most of our officers on active service. From the day when he took out a draft to the day when he was hit in both legs and brought back to England and clean clothes, "Platoon Commander" takes you with him from billet to firing line and from reserve trenches to the attack. There is no exaggeration, and you are gradually let into most of the secrets—non-military, of course—of life "out there." "Platoon Commander's" lot cannot have been very different from that of hundreds of his brother-officers: his book is a miniature document which may be warmly recommended—particularly to those unfortunates whom the newspapers describe as "the single men who are still hanging back."

"The Queen's Net"

Mr. Harold Begbie has written a book called *The Queen's Net* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), whose title and outward appearance might suggest that it is some sort of Ruritanian novel. In reality it is a collection of true stories of London adventures which came Mr. Begbie's way during certain investigations he made among "all sorts and conditions of women saved from the war flood of suffering, privation, and despair by the Queen's 'Work for Women' Fund." You might imagine that these stories would be monotonously tragic, but such is very far from being the case. They are of all kinds, it is true, but the humorous prevails; and Mr. Begbie, with something of the Dickensian touch, has the agreeable knack of making you thoroughly acquainted with this or that household in a very few pages. Whether it be Little Lulu, once of the circus, or the gentle lady who found Lord Kitchener under the table—or said she did—or Liza the Egoist, or the brave "penny-a-bunch" woman—all their histories, as reported by Mr. Begbie, not only make good reading in themselves, but open a window into a world of which some of us are apt to remain in complete ignorance. The good work which this Fund, in which the Queen is taking so active an interest, is doing can hardly be exaggerated. You will probably want to help after reading Mr. Begbie's book; in which case write to the author at the address of his publishers, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, E.C.

R. S.

(Continued on page 74)

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"This is the sort of weather we want, ma'am. No danger from Zeppelins now you know"

BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 72)

A Modern Romance

In the leisurely spring of 1913, when novelists and artists such as Mr. Cecil Starr Johns and people like ourselves thought that the break-up of civilisation would at least wait another generation, it was easier to write a book of the character of *Victor Victorious* (John Lane: 6*s*.) than at the present time, when this sort of novel makes good reading. It was during that period of now almost forgotten peace that Mr. Johns thought out the cunning web which he weaves about the fortunes of one of those wonderful princes, well-known to delighted readers of fiction, who, born to rule some troubled State in eastern Europe, are firstly made to suffer injustice and then boldly forced upon their thrones amid the strife of parties and the intrigues of lawless persons. But in Victor II., King of Rudarlia, the author has a hero of original style, who tells the exciting story of his fortunes and misfortunes himself with constant interest and pleasure.

MR. CECIL STARR JOHNS

Whose first novel, "Victor Victorious," has recently been published by Mr. Lane. He is already well-known as a clever cartoonist in the illustrated Press, and as a water-colourist of talent

Virtue Triumphant

How he is bred and educated in England without knowledge of his future state, how he learns to know his people and demonstrates again and again his courage, nobility, and Royal power, all this and a thousand other crowded incidents are told with rapid skill, which holds the reader from start to finish. The note of Royal love is not over-done, it is the adventure and bravery of Victor and his friends and the wicked attempts of his enemies which will lure and hold the interest of the hurried reader. For when Mr. Starr Johns' characters are bad they are very, very horrid, but when they are good, and given half a chance the author sees to that, their conduct is a beatific vision. *Victor Victorious* is not a novel to be tried by the highest standards, but it is just the thing for our time of stress and worry, when the clever and easy way a man gets out of his troubles may serve to give us new hope for mankind. Many of the complications and details of the plot are extremely ingenious, many of the characters boldly drawn, much of the description is well done, but the incidents come a little too conveniently to the purpose of the writer, and the reader knows rather too much of such mysteries as there are before the just time.

The Author Himself

Mr. Starr Johns is already known for his clever black and white pictures, some of which have been seen in THE BYSTANDER, and also as a water-colourist. All arts are of service to the novelist, and should *Victor Victorious* be his first essay in fiction, he is greatly to be congratulated on so exactly gauging the general taste of the public, for his story of wild adventure and victory in Rudarlia possesses all the characteristics of modern romance which the wider circle of readers love. E. M.

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"The Kaiser's Garland"

SOME SATIRES FOR POSTERITY BY MR. E. J. SULLIVAN

AFTER the slashing boldness of Mr. Raemaekers's drawings on this subject, the volume published by Mr. Heinemann, which contains some fifty elaborate designs by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan, cynically called *The Kaiser's Garland*, is doubly welcome. It shows very clearly that, mild as we generally appear to Continental wits, the occasion can produce among us a satirist as bitter as Willette and as accomplished, in a different way, as Daumier or Steinlen. From his frontispiece of "The Crucifixion of Belgium" to the last excellent work, which shows "The Return of the Conqueror," whoever he is to be, a victor worn to bone on a skeleton charger passing through a desert of graves with shattered Love clinging to Death's stirrup-strap, each picture is instinct with the intense feeling and deep loathing which the actions of our enemies and the gods of war themselves create in the soul of an imaginative artist. The drawings are a little unequal, and perhaps that adds zest to the volume as a whole. The most pungent and durable of the cartoons are those entitled "Ich Selbst Und Gott," of course, the Kaiser and his particular Prussian god; "The Path of Glory," a lively Death drumming on to war; "The Hope of the Hohenzollern," in which the good German sword is shown as a crowbar and the Crown Prince hampered with loot; "The Dancing Partners"; "The Prussian Butcher," with Love on the block; "The Red Niagara"; "The Parthian Shot," in which flying Love gets home an arrow, and by far the finest of the group, "More Cruel Than Death," with its hint of Love's prostitution.

"MORE CRUEL THAN DEATH"

A grim satire on the German outrages against children in Belgium

(Reproduced, by permission, from Mr. E. J. Sullivan's volume of drawings, entitled "The Kaiser's Garland," recently published by Mr. William Heinemann)

Each and all of these cartoons will hand on the horror and terror of our period to future ages in a far more definite and vital way than could the picture of Rubens or those of Wiertz and Verestchagin—who in their time were fairly candid. But it is the keen imaginative power behind Mr. Sullivan's pen that gives to *The Kaiser's Garland* its peculiar touch of immortality. I can imagine no period in which such a picture as "More Cruel Than Death" will fail to appeal to both artists and the sociological student.

Critics of English caricaturists or cartoonists have generally been rather amused by the extreme gentleness of the methods of the men who began with and followed HB, the father of the well-known Richard Doyle. About 1830-40 came in the polite, but often effective, work which lasted until the present time. The fact is that our cartoonists of the comfortable and hypocritical Victorian age had to please to live, and, therefore, followed the fashion in gentility and masked bitterness. The conventions which were enforced with the view of counteracting the rather stupid brutalities of the Regency cloaked English life for generations, but the general disgust of the present situation has undraped our national life, and a man with the insight and wit of Mr. Sullivan can now speak his mind—if not fully, at least fairly clearly. He has done so with infinite art in *The Kaiser's Garland*. From the sensitively written introduction to the last thought or fancy contained in his drawings all is interesting and effective, and many of the satiric pictures will far outlast the present years of widely spread destruction.

EGAN MEW

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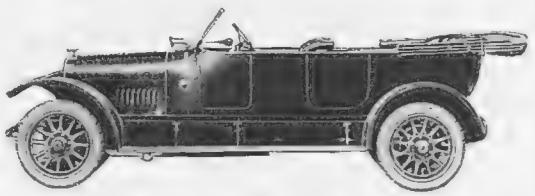

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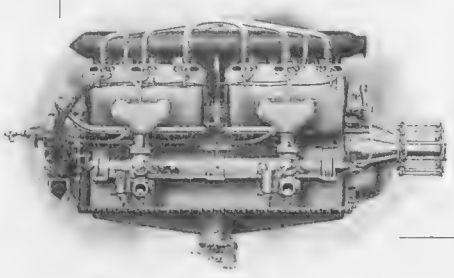

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The Music of "The Starlight Express"

A FRIEND of mine who understands that kind of thing—of course you cannot possibly know who he is—tells me that the moral of *The Starlight Express* is as old as B.C. 1490, and that the characters are distinctly light-headed. And I am sure I should be the last person in the world to disagree with him. But, except in so far as the qualities of the authors affect the quality of the composer, it is no concern of mine.

—•••—

Unfortunately, however, Sir Edward Elgar is necessarily affected by the shortcomings of Mr. Algernon Blackwood and Miss Violet Pearn. Or, to be quite accurate, he is affected by their excess of zeal. The authors seem determined to be fantastic and imaginative at all costs. They pile fantasy upon fantasy, imagery upon imagery, till there is precious little work left for our poor imagination to do—and absolutely none at all for the composer's. Which, of course, puts Sir Edward Elgar in an impossible position.

The writing of incidental music requires so many favourable circumstances that small wonder it is difficult. Principally the composer must have an uncommonly sympathetic and lively imagination, and, secondly, as already hinted above, the play for which the music is written must leave the composer "gaps" to fill in, must suggest ideas better conveyed in music than in words. This is exactly what *The Starlight Express* does not do.

—•••—

The consequence is an inversion, almost complete, of the result as it should be. All the sanity, all the direct appeal of the entertainment, seem to lie in the music, all the fantasy, all the elusiveness seem to lie in the words. Of course, this is not meant in any way as a reproach to the composer. Sir Edward Elgar may not be the ideal of what a writer of incidental music should be. Perhaps he is not sufficiently plastic. But he is something more than adequate, and when he is not hampered by the play he is quite successful. For instance, the first song (incidentally very well sung by Charles Mott) of the tramp to the children before the first act, is entirely delightful, and so is much of the *entr'acte* music.

—•••—

To sum up, as the fashionable expression runs nowadays, the authors are so intent on flitting about with their heads well above the clouds that the composer never has a chance to rise above the earth for one moment. And, positively, we must be grateful to him for one virtue of omission. He might have tried to beat the authors at their own game. What the result would have been one hesitates to think—presumably, after one hour, an audience of gibbering lunatics. But how shall one characterise an entertainment that by running prose as the "starlight express" condemns music, which is poetry, to the functions of the eminently practical goods-train?

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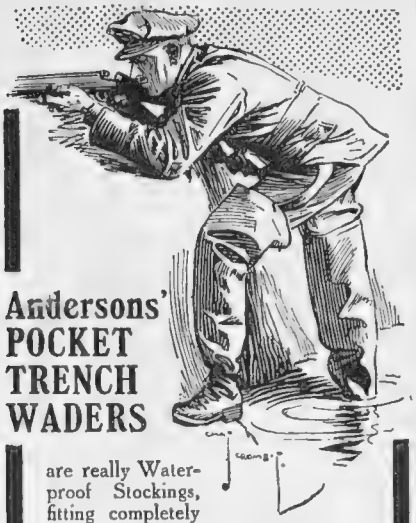

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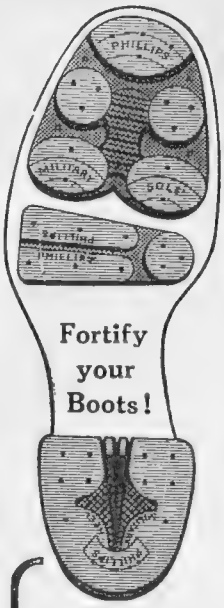

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Motoring—More Light

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Old Old Plaint

THE danger of cattle being driven on the road (or being allowed thereon to wander) after dark, is obvious. The A.A. has suggested they be covered front and rear by men in charge carrying suitable lamps. This was an old suggestion in the days of long ago before ever the motor-car came to fill the country roads with swift movement. The cyclist advocated it, and was covered with irony. "We shall presently be requested to insist upon the pedestrian carrying a light fore and aft," they said, and were tickled to death at the absurdity of the prospect—yet here is the Coroner recommending, seriously and not so improperly, that a pedestrian crossing the road in the dark should flap a white handkerchief or wave a newspaper, so that a driver may have a chance of seeing him before unavoidably running over him. Thus are we daily achieving the impossible of yesterday. The cyclist himself, after the car came, was loudest in his outcry against the motorist because the latter suggested the necessity for all road users, cyclists included, to carry covering lamps.

***

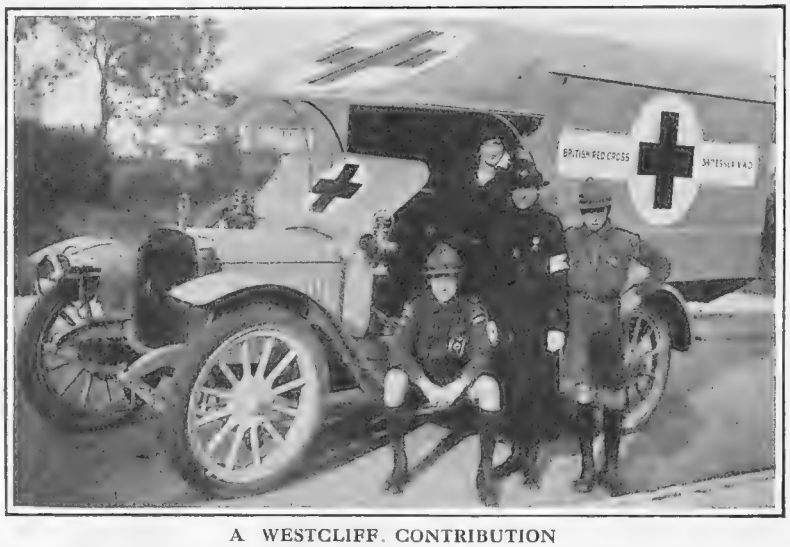
Light Comments

Because no regulation arrived to remedy the evil, the lighting system of the car was improved, every motorist aiming at carrying the daylight with him (to quote from a C.A.V. advertisement), both in his own protection, for his own comfort, and for the good of other road-users. At which further loud lamentations arose, and we had the agitation against glaring headlights. Which only shows you how impossible it is to please everybody, even when you are attempting to save their lives. Then came the war and the collapse of all the immaterial agitations; and then the darkening orders (mainly unnecessary); and so on until now we are up against the fact that we kill more people in the dark than Zeppelins have succeeded in doing, and the need for lights again. I hope the A.A. recommendation will be adopted. It can't be urged that a red lantern light can be used to guide Zeppelins on their way; although I suppose it can be suggested that such a light, if seen from a Zeppelin, might cause it to swoop down and capture the drove of sheep the light protected! And a drove of sheep would, I hear, be a perfect "godsend" to Germany nowadays.

***

For the Tyro

Motor Schools, Ltd., has become the Motor Training Institute, Ltd., with office and institute at Heddon Street, Regent Street, and garage and works at 21a, Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood. It is devised and organised to give all possible instruction in the driving and maintenance of motor-cars, and has an equipment and staff which should certainly be able to cover the field most efficiently. It has a special course arranged to cover two years, each of three terms, each of approximately three months. The curriculum covers the whole range of theory and practice, and the fee is £30 per term. At the end of the two years the student will either be an expert automobile engineer or a fairly hopeless case in this branch of the engineering profession. So far as it is possible to judge from a cursory examination of the new organisation, it will not be the fault of the Motor Training Institute, but the fault of the pupils' own mental organisation, if the results of the two-year course are not eminently satisfactory.



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On view TUESDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1916, between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Printed particulars and conditions of sale of the Residence, and catalogues of the furniture, etc., can be obtained of the Auctioneers, WILSON AND GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W. Telephones: Mayfair 5701 and 5702

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A COMMODIOUS FAMILY RESIDENCE,

containing 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, handsome lounge hall panelled in oak; complete domestic offices.

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Stabling for 3; coach-house or garage; living rooms over.

TASTEFULLY LAID-OUT PLEASURE GROUNDS,

planted with many choice specimen trees, tennis and croquet lawn, rock and rose garden, kitchen garden, orchard; 5 ACRES of meadow-land; 3 ACRES of common-land, the whole about

11 ACRES.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION on JANUARY 25, 1916.

ENTRANCE FRONT.

THIS FINE

OLD FAMILY MANSION

beautifully furnished and decorated, occupying a delightful position, on an eminence

OVERLOOKING THE AVON.

Standing in perfectly laid-out gardens, and well-timbered park lands, and containing some 30 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 lofty reception rooms, billiard room.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. RADIATORS. MODERN DRAINAGE.

Stabling for 14 horses. Garage for 6 cars.

SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 1,000 ACRES.

Easy reach of Birmingham, Worcester and Gloucester.

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UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.,

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West End Branch:-
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CHIGNONS TO ORDER IN ANY DESIGN FROM 10/9

TRANSFORMATIONS in any style **30/-,** *or Extra Full of Hair* **2** *and* **3 Guineas.**

EXTRA IS CHARGED FOR LIGHT GREY, PALE AND AUBURN SHADES.

Switches of Pure Human Hair.

A PATTERN OF HAIR AND REMITTANCE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

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"SOME" STORY!

BY W. R. ELLAM.

This bright and clever sketch reminds us in a very humorous manner that every Gentleman in Khaki, whether on duty or on leave, is never "downhearted."

It may be of interest to know the demand for this picture has been so considerable that the first edition was immediately sold out. Orders have now been received from the Colonies, and from France, Russia, Norway, Sweden and Holland.

Reproduced in colours, size 12ins. x 9ins, on khaki mount. Price **1/3,** Post and Packing Free.

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY,
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AQUASCUTUM Regd.

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THE MOST PERFECT MILITARY WATERPROOF PRODUCED.

LINED WOOL, DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR, OR LEATHER.
ABSOLUTELY PROOF AGAINST RAIN AND COLD WINDS.

From the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding a Lowland Battalion in France:

"I should like you to know that I have given one of your fleece-lined Aquascutums a very severe trial during 6 months' trench work out here. I have nothing but praise for its wet and rain-resisting qualities, and it is free from several glaring faults which handicapped coats of two other makers, which I have had to wear for my sins. So far as durability is concerned, it does not look as if I would have to call upon you for a renewal for some considerable time."

(The original of above letter may be seen by anyone interested.)

WATERPROOF COAT SPECIALISTS FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

AQUASCUTUM, Ltd.,

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

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Never hesitate to use POND'S EXTRACT—it is absolutely pure and quite harmless under all conditions.

This famous old family remedy still reigns supreme wherever there is pain, bleeding, or inflammation. Sufferers from **Catarrh, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Varicose Veins, Piles,** etc., invariably find it an unfailing remedy. This soothing, pain-dispelling Extract has a wonderful effect on **Chilblains**—it takes the "fire" out of them, reduces the pain and swelling, and, after a few applications, finally banishes them.

It is the handiest of all remedies for the household medicine chest—an efficient first-aid in cases of **Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Scalds, Sprains,** etc.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.—Sold only in sealed bottles (with useful book of directions), 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- by all Chemists and Stores.

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NOTHING is so quickly and thoroughly refreshing as a cup of the famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

THE TEA OF CONNOISSEURS.

You can try it at the

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS,
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the most charming place in London for

LUNCHEONS, TEAS AND DINNERS.

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

PURE 2/10, 3/10. BLEND 2/7, 3/4, 4/4 Per lb.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining and Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose and Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

"Poor old boy, is it feeling humpy, then?"

"Put away that old paper, and let me give you one of my own Kenilworth Cigarettes. You can't be feeling humpy and smoking a Kenilworth at the same time."

Kenilworths are the most soothing and seductive Cigarettes imaginable

No other cigarettes are quite like them. They are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf in an entirely new way. The long fine strands of tobacco are drawn out straight as a girl brushes her hair, and laid carefully side by side so that the cigarette smokes evenly throughout.

You have only to open a Kenilworth to see how beautifully it is made. You have only to smoke a Kenilworth to see how much more pleasure it gives you than ordinary Virginias.

You will find that Kenilworth Cigarettes compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street, and yet they only cost 1/- for 20. All good tobacconists keep them.

PRICES.—1/- for 20, 2/4 for 50, 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers or Sailors abroad specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

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Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes.

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THIS IS THE TRACK TO MAKE

FIT Goodrich and let those tough fingers of super-fine rubber come between you and the skid which lies in wait on every road. Fit your car with Goodrich Safety Tread Tyres and be done with 'skid-dread.'

Make your winter motoring as safe as motoring *can* be made by seeing to it now that your car is equipped with Goodrich.

The finest rubber in the world and manufacturing skill of the highest order go into Goodrich tyres, and the longer you use them the more apparent it is.

Thousands of practical motorists have *proved* these things.

Have YOU?

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GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD TYRES

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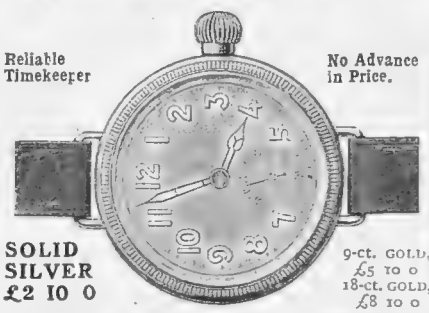
No Advance in Price.



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Section showing Damp and Dust-proof Front and Back Unscrewed.

Bring Sweet Contentment in their train

Snake Charmer Cigarettes for Connoisseurs

HIGH CLASS

AROMATIC TURKISH

Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 7½d. SIZE

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May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse, 2-14, Clarence Street, St Luke's, London E.C.

Fashions' Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Reflections of the New Year

THE more we see of the new fashions the more they invite criticism. It has taken a whole year to launch the fuller and more generous lines. But these are now safely installed, and exaggeration has already set in. Some of the boots are much too high and the skirts far too short, and ankles, in many instances, are of lamentable thickness.

Feet and ankles, in fact, have become a very prominent feature, and come first in attracting attention, which, artistically speaking, is wrong. A perfectly blended *ensemble*, accepted as a whole, is an infinitely finer achievement. But we are, apparently, rather in the mood to be dazzled by startling details.

At the same time, taking it all in all, the general tendency is towards neatness of appearance. Our extremities, head and feet, are remarkably so, the former, indeed, growing smaller and smaller and beautifully less every day. It is curious how large a number of faces are able to stand the close severe style of *coiffure* brushed back with merely the suggestion of a rise, direct from the brow. And the fair young face especially made for this vogue is—well, about as enchanting a picture as anyone could desire to behold.

The Rampant Remnant

There will have been experienced ere these words appear in print the first mad riot in remnants, scarcely a day passing without some establishment advertising this sale *bonne-bouche*, and, as I have frequently pointed out, if ever there was a moment for the turning of remnants to practical account it is now. Almost 70 per cent. of the dresses suggest themselves as either wholly or partially amenable to the use of remnants. And that the moral of this story may be the more enforced, Mrs. Dorothy Millar has provided an original design for a little house-gown, arranged in accordance with the latest decrees. The materials we had in mind were *faille* and cloth, the latter fashioning the lower half of the skirt, together with the lower half of the sleeves, upper part of bodice, and amazing funnel-shaped collar and pockets, while to the silk is allotted the upper part of the *jupe*, the corselet bodice and the remaining portion of the sleeves. The wee buttons and mock loops are likewise of the silk, and although preferably the design would carry out the more successfully, perhaps, in one colour, still there are stripes and brocades and things that could not possibly be allowed to pass by unheeded in the cause of this very fetching little frock.

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A HOUSE-GOWN
Designed, with a view to the remnant sales, to be carried out in "faille" and cloth, and sketched by Dorothy Millar

Multifarious Sale Seductions

In the fur department at John Barker's, Kensington, a lot of real seal-skin coats are going at 25 guineas, and real pony-skins at 5 guineas, both prices of startling character. Costumes for all occasions, and skirts in the very latest fashion, are also subjected to drastic treatment. The "Cossack," a suit very much of the moment, effected in corded velveteen, the coat trimmed with flounce, collar, and cuffs of fur, is only 63*s.*, while there is the prettiest little young lady's evening dress, the "Violet," carried out in taffeta net and lace, ornamented with tiny bunches of flowers, obtainable in all delicate evening shades at 59*s.* 6*d.*

New spring millinery at sale prices is a sufficiently arresting offer, and the millinery at Barker's always exacts the closest attention. Household linen and damask goods provide a further big temptation, the firm having a long and sound reputation in this regard for value; while in pursuance of their usual custom they have issued an exhaustive illustrated

(Continued on page x)

Exquisite!

Zenobia Lily of the Valley is most favoured where taste is most cultured. Its delightful ethereal perfume is the very soul of this sweetest of flowers; with all the faithfulness to Nature that sets "Zenobia" Perfumes in a class apart.

Zenobia Lily of the Valley is sold at 2/3, 3/11, 6/9 & 11/6 per bottle,

Two other Perfumes that share the "Zenobia Vogue" are: Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom and Zenobia Night Scented Stock—each a most charming Perfume, and an original Zenobia production. Sold at 2/9, 3/11, 5/6 & 11/6

All Zenobia Perfumes are British Made.

ZENOBIA
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

Zenobia Eau de Cologne will delight and refresh you more truly than any other; its fragrance is unusually lasting.
Sold at 1/3, 2/6 & 5/- per bottle.

ZENOBIA, LTD., Loughborough, LEICESTERSHIRE.

The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores, and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.
And at Liverpool & Bristol.

ALFRED WEBB MILES & Co.,

12, 10, 8, and 6, BROOK STREET, Hanover Square, LONDON, W.

BRITISH WARMS

HEAVY KHAKI SERGE (Lined Fleece) £3 3 0

TREBLE-MILLED KHAKI LAMBSWOOL (Lined Fleece) £3 15 0

HEAVY KHAKI SERGE FUR-LINED (Musquash) £8 8 0

FLEECE SLEEPING BAGS £2 15 0

CHROME LEATHER SLEEVE WAISTCOATS (Lined Flannel) £2 5 0

CHAMOIS LEATHER SLEEVE WAISTCOATS £1 12 6

KHAKI KNITTED WOOLLEN SLEEVE WAISTCOATS 18s. 6d.

THE ABOVE ARE SUITABLE AND ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS FOR SENDING TO OFFICERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

ON RECEIPT OF CHEQUE, HEIGHT AND CHEST MEASUREMENTS, ANY OF THE ABOVE WILL BE SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, TO THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, AND IF NOT SATISFACTORY MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

N.B.—ESTIMATES SENT ON APPLICATION FOR FULL SERVICE KITS.

Shoolbred's

OFFICERS' KHAKI
CARDIGAN JACKET
(as Illustration)
in fine **all wool,** beautifully soft, warm, and comfortable. Medium weight.

19/6

Post to France, 1/- extra.
In 3 sizes—Small Men's, Men's, and Outsize.
Write for Field Service Uniform & Equipment List.

Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

THE "DAILY GRAPHIC"
GIVES A £1,000 INSURANCE TO ALL ITS READERS
THE COUPON NEED NOT BE SIGNED.

Office: Tallis House, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page viii)

catalogue, a medium always much appreciated by those who must perforce shop through the post. Finally note that the remaining remnant days fall on the 18th and 25th of this month.

Mayzone Specialities

I welcome this week the opportunity afforded me of again paying tribute to the wonderful efficacy of the Mayzone Hair Tonic. In the very truest sense may this be termed a perfect restorer of lustreless or debilitated hair, the resultant effect of which is so frequently greyness. The building-up properties of Mayzone are extraordinary, since it aids growth, stops the hair from falling, adds nature's own gloss and brilliancy, disperses dandruff—for which latter a special non-oily Mayzone is provided, since this trouble is mostly caused by dryness—and restores the colour of youth, although the proprietors wish it to be strictly understood that the preparation is absolutely free from dye, and, in fact, from risky ingredients of any sort or kind.

As a matter of fact, only the most superior ingredients are employed, some, indeed, from abroad being of so valuable a character that the proprietors have been enabled to put on the market a super-excellent tonic entitled "Mayzone de Luxe." Mayzone has now been before the public for several years, and previously it had been in use for generations. A North Country family, as a matter of fact, held the recipe, and they, in response to many requests, formed themselves into a company, the London depôt of which is 48, Brook Street, the parent house being at Rock Ferry in Cheshire.

A Triple-Purpose Trench Coat

In the world of clothes the name of Pope and Bradley stands high, and the trench coat, of which the famous Old Bond Street firm is just now making a speciality, will win fresh laurels. The coat is really three garments in one. It is an overcoat of ordinary length, a waterproof, and a short raincoat. It is absolutely waterproof, being made of waterproof material lined with oiled silk, which is so impervious to water that that generally useful, but occasionally embarrassing, element, can be carried in it. Thanks to Mr. Bradley's ingenious action upon information supplied by senior officers, it is made with a detachable fleece lining, which can be taken out on a warm day. The operation of another clever contrivance turns it from a coat reaching to the knee into one which goes practically to the feet. Made wholly in England from Mr. Bradley's own design, it is a garment which really and truly makes the campaigner independent of the elements, and another advantage it has is that by being taken to pieces it can be sent to the Front by parcel post, which, of course, means a great saving of time. There is a big run on it, and the fact is not surprising in the least.

INTERIOR OF A THEATRE

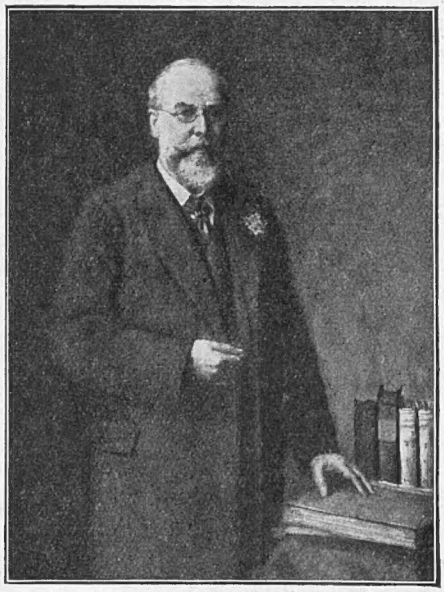
Erected by the Vickers Company in the neighbourhood of one of their munition works for the entertainment of the workers

A Cure for Cold Hands

Among many inventions devised for the comfort of the men in the trenches, one of the most useful is the "Kyron" Hand Warmer, to be obtained from Messrs. Gamages, Holborn, E.C. It is just about the size of a small electric pocket lamp, and consists of a perforated metal case and an artificial fuel. The case is neatly covered with velvet, and the warmer makes a capital little gift for any man in the fighting forces. "Just the very thing he needs" has been the exclamation of more than one visitor to Gamage's during the past and present weeks—and so it is. Place one piece of the fuel in the case, ignite it at one end, close the case, slip it in the pocket, and you have the most compact hand warmer for cold turns in the trenches or anywhere else in the war zone that could possibly be desired And it will retain the heat for several hours. The "Kyron" can also conveniently be used for a number of purposes at home—among others, that of a muff warmer. You can purchase one of these warmers (with ten refills of fuel) for the modest sum of 1*s.* 3*d.* An improved and better finished article (with fifty refills) costs 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Theatre for War Workers

Lord d'Abernon has frequently expressed the opinion in public that to obtain the highest efficiency from industrial workers it was necessary that rational recreation and relaxation should be provided, and to do that employers should make every endeavour to organise, upon a broad basis, recreation resources as well as manufacturing facilities. In view of this opinion, it is particularly interesting to find that the Vickers Company have built a modern and most attractive picture and variety theatre in the neighbourhood of one of their very large works. It is to be hoped that other great employers will follow this most enterprising example, and thereby assist the country in such a practical and interesting manner during the period of stress and strain. Canteens are already provided in considerable numbers, but the addition of suitable places of amusement must necessarily assist very materially in promoting the welfare of the workers.



MR. F. J. HANBURY

Chairman of Messrs. Allen and Hanbury's, Limited, to whom a presentation was made recently in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the firm's existence

For Mother *and* Child

—Both for the super-sensitive skins of newly-born infants and the more mature skins of 'grown-ups,' no soap can claim such unique merits as Palmolive.

—Palmolive blends together Palm and Olive Oils—oils with Skin-Beautifying properties recognised thousands of years ago as unequalled, and which, through the ages to the present time, Science has found no means of surpassing.

PALMOLIVE

contains no free Alkali nor artificial colouring. It gives a rich, creamy lather which invigorates, beautifies, and also thoroughly cleanses the skin.

—Palmolive is most economical to use—it lasts much longer than ordinary soaps, and keeps its goodness to the very last wafer.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemist's for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps, with name and address.

THE B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 124, HOLBORN. LONDON, E.C.

For Infants, Invalids, and the Aged.

Whenever special feeding is required, there is a case for Benger's Food.

Benger's is prepared with fresh new milk, and forms a dainty and delicious food cream in which both the Food and the milk have been automatically made suitable for the weakliest digestion.

Benger's Food contains the natural elements of self-digestion. Medical men know and approve its contents, and under their authority it is used in civil, military, and naval hospitals—infirmaries, sanatoria, convalescent and nursing institutions.

"Benger's Food and How to Use it."—A little work of authority on the feeding of infants, invalids, and the aged, post free on application to—
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, MANCHESTER,
Branch Offices: NEW YORK (U.S.A.), 90, Beekman St.,
SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117, Pitt St., and Depôts throughout CANADA.
Sold in tins by all Chemists, etc., everywhere.

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STUDY ECONOMY BY SPENDING YOUR TIME JIG-SAW PUZZLING

WHY NOT TRY

"THE GRAPHIC" JIG-SAW PUZZLES?

Write for Catalogue.

80	pieces,	average size		9	by	6	...	1/4	300	pieces,	average size	20 by 15	.. 6/6
100	,,	,,	,,	11	by	7	...	1/8	400	,,	,, ,,	22 by 16	... 8/6
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FASCINATING and EDUCATIONAL.

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE HAIR, TEETH & SKIN

Preserved and Beautified by using Rowlands' Toilet articles.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

The best Preserver of the Hair; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children. Sizes, **3/6, 7/-, 10/6.**

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. **2/9.**

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

Allays all irritability of the skin, removes redness, roughness, &c., cures and heals all cutaneous eruptions, imparts a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms, unattainable by any other means. Sizes, **2/3** and **4/6.**

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

The Safe and Sure Treatment

for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the

GANESH

The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to natural beauty.
Red Broken Veins, Marks on the Face, absolutely removed in a few seconds without pain and leaving no mark.
ADVICE FREE. Write for Free Booklet.

GANESH EASTERN OIL will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any other preparation ever invented.
From **5/6.**

E'ectrolysis
permanently removes superfluous Hair.
"DARA" is the reliable home treatment for Ladies who cannot call.

ADAIR

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ESTABLISHMENT.

92, NEW BOND ST.
(Oxford St. End),
LONDON, W.
'Phone: Gerrard 3782.
Paris and New York.

The Menu: Savouries for Every Day

SAVOURIES are nearly always popular and by some preferred to the sweet course which they not infrequently forego. If a menu is partly cold and partly hot, it is better to make the bonne-bouche that finishes off the meal a hot one. Caviare, eggs, and fish can be served in a variety of ways.

Prawns with Caviare
Oyster Toast
Tomato Timbale
Eggs with Oyster Sauce (American Recipe)
Chicken's Liver Savoury
Fish Savoury

Prawns with Caviare

Fry in butter to a light golden colour eight rounds of stale bread, about two inches in diameter. Put into a basin 2 oz. of caviare, with half a shallot finely chopped, a few drops of lemon-juice, and a pinch of cayenne. Stir all thoroughly together, drain the toast, and when it is cool place a thin slice of lemon on each croûte and a teaspoonful of caviare on each. Place a shelled prawn on each side of every croûte and half a stoned olive in the centre. Serve in a glass dish, and garnish with parsley.

Oyster Toast

Mince very finely one anchovy, have ready a score of oysters, remove the beards, and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and oysters together. Put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of cream, add a little cayenne, and when heated through, spread on small rounds of buttered toast, and serve.

Tomato Timbale

Boil ½ lb. of macaroni twenty minutes, strain it, and cut into lengths which will fit a plain round mould; line the mould with it, arranging the top by bending the macaroni in a spiral form. Fill this mould with a mixture made of 1 lb. of tomatoes, 1 lb. of mushrooms, and a ¼ lb. of grated cheese, all pounded together with 4 oz. of butter and the yolk of an egg, season with a little salt and cayenne. Put a paper round the mould, and steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with a thick gravy or tomato sauce round. This makes an excellent luncheon dish.

Eggs with Oyster Sauce (American Recipe)

Scald ten oysters in their own liquor: then take them out and cut them up small. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour. Next stir in a cup and a half of milk and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Let it boil until it begins to thicken. Poach six eggs and lay on rounds of toast in a shallow baking-dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on the top, and put the dish in a hot oven for a few minutes.

Chicken's Liver Savoury

Boil the livers of two chickens, and pound them to a paste. Add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one yolk of egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk, and a little salt and pepper. Serve on small rounds of hot buttered toast, thinly spread with anchovy paste. Garnish with chopped parsley.

Fish Savoury

Chop finely the remains of any cooked white fish, and mix it with 1 oz. of butter, a pinch of cayenne, and a dessertspoonful of anchovy essence. Let this mixture simmer gently for about five minutes, then spread it on rounds of hot buttered toast, sprinkle over it a few picked shrimps, and garnish the dish with rings of hard-boiled eggs.

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